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TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

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## THE WAR-TRAIL:

### A ROMANCE OF THE WAR WITH MEXICO.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

OLD COMRADES.

I fancied myself in a future world, battling with some fearful demon. No; those forms I see around me are of the earth. I still live!

My wounds pain me. Some one is binding them up. His hand is rude; but the tender expression of his eye tells me that his heart is kind. Who is he? Whence came he?

I am still upon the wide prairie; I see that clearly enough. Where is my terrible antagonist? I remember our fierce fight—everything has occurred; but—*I thought he had killed me!*

I certainly *was* dead. But no; it cannot have been. I still live!

I see above me the blue sky—around me the green plain. Near me are forms—the forms of men, and yonder I see horses!

Into whose hands have I fallen? Whoever they be, they are friends; they must have rescued me from the gripe of the monster. But how? No one was in sight; how could they have arrived in time? I would ask, but have not strength.

The men are still bending over me. I observe one with large beard and brown bushy whiskers. There is another face, old and thin, and tanned to a copper color. My eyes wander from one to the other; some distant recollections stir within me.

Those faces— Now I see them dimly—I see them no longer—

I had fainted, and was again insensible. Once more I became conscious, and this time felt stronger; I could better understand what was passing around me. I observed that the sun was sinking down; but a buffalo robe, suspended upon upright saplings, guarded his rays from the spot where I lay. My serape was under me, and my head rested in my saddle, over which another robe had been laid. I lay upon my side, and the position gave me a commanding view of all that was around me. A fire was burning near, by which were two persons, one seated, the other standing; my eyes passed from one to the other, scanning each feature.

The younger stood leaning on his rifle, looking down to the fire. He was the type of a "mountain man," a trapper. He was full six feet in his moccasins, and of a build that suggested the idea of strength and Saxon ancestry. His arms were like young oaks; and his hand grasping the muzzle of his gun, appeared large, fleshless, and sinewy. His cheek was broad and firm, and was partially covered with a bushy whisker, that met over the chin; while a beard of the same color—dull brown—fringed the lips. The eye was gray, or bluish gray, small, well-set, and slowly wandering. The hair was light brown; and the complexion of the face, which had evidently once been blonde, was now nearly as dark as that of a half-breed. Sun-tan had produced the metamorphosis. The countenance was prepossessing; it might have been once handsome. The expression was bold, but good-humored, and showed a kind and generous nature.

The dress of this individual was the well-known costume of his class—a hunting shirt of tanned deer-skin, smoked to the softness of a rag; leggings reaching to the hips, and fringed at the seam; moccasins of true Indian make, with buffalo hide (*parfleche*). The hunting-shirt was belted around the waist, but open at the neck, so as to leave the throat and part of the breast uncovered; but over the breast could be seen the under-shirt, of finer material—the soft skin of the young antelope, or the fawn of the fallow-deer. A short cape, part of the same shirt, hung gracefully over the shoulders, having in a deep fringe cut out of the buckskin.

A similar fringe embellished the draping of the skirt. On the head was a racoon-cap—the tail of the animal over the front, while the bushy tail, like a plume, fell drooping over the shoulder.

The accoutrements were a bullet-pouch, made from the undressed skin of a tiger-cat, ornamented with the head of the beautiful summer-lion.

This hung under the right arm, suspended by a shoulder-strap; and attached, in a similar manner, was a huge crescent-shaped horn, which was carved many a strange souvenir. The armament consisted of a knife and pistol—both worn in a waist-belt—and a long rifle, so long that the line of the barrel seemed slightly to deflect from that of the butt.

Little attention had been paid to ornament under his dress, arms, or equipments; and yet there was a gracefulness in the hang of his tunic-shirt, a stylishness about the fringing and embroidery, and an air of jauntiness in the set of the 'coon skin cap, that showed the wearer was not altogether unmindful of his personal appearance. A small pouch or case, ornamented with stained porcupine quills, hung down upon his breast. This was the pipe-holder—no doubt a gage d'amour from some dark-eyed, dark-haired damsel, like himself a denizen of the desert.

His companion was very different in appearance, unlike him—in almost every respect unlike anybody I had ever seen.

The whole appearance of this individual was odd and striking. He was seated on the opposite side of the fire, with his face partially turned from me, and his head sunk down between a pair of long, lank thighs. He looked more like a lump of a tree dressed in dirt-colored buckskin than a human being; and had his arms not been in motion, he might have been mistaken for such an object. Both his arms and jaws were moving; the latter engaged in polishing off a piece of meat which he had half roasted over the fire.

His dress—if dress it could be called—was as singular as it was savage. It consisted of what had once been a hunting-shirt, but which looked more like a leathern bag with the sides ripped open, and sleeves sewed into the armholes. It was of a dirty-brown color, wrinkled at the hollow of the arms, patched round the armpits, and greasy all over; it was fairly "caked" with dirt; there was no attempt at either ornament or fringe. There had been a cape, but this had evidently been drawn upon from time to time, for patches and other uses, until scarcely a vestige of it remained. The leggings and moccasins were on a par with the shirt, and seems to have been manufactured out of the same hide. They, too, were dirt-brown, patched, wrinkled, and greasy. They did not meet each other, but left a piece of ankle bare, and that also was dirt brown like the buckskin. There was no under-shirt, vest, or other garment to be seen, with the exception of a close-fitting cap, which had once been catskin; but the hair was all worn off, leaving a greasy, leathery-looking surface, that corresponded with the other parts of the dress.—Cap, shirt, leggings, and moccasins, looked as if they had never been stripped off since the day they were first tried on, and that might have been many a year ago. The shirt was open, displaying the naked breast and throat, and these, as well as the face, hands, and ankles, had been tanned by the sun and smoked by the fire to the hue of rusty copper. The whole man, clothes and all, looked as if he had been smoked on purpose.

THE OLD TRAPPER JUST COME OUT OF THE BUFFALO.

His face bespoke a man of sixty, or thereabouts; his features were sharp, and somewhat aquiline; and the small eyes were dark, quick, and piercing. His hair was black, and cut short; his complexion had been naturally brunette, though there was nothing of the Frenchman or Spaniard in his physiognomy. He was more likely of the black-Saxon breed.

As I looked at this man, I saw that there was a strangeness about him, independently of the oddness of his attire. There was something peculiar about his head—something *wanting*.

What was it that was wanting? It was his ears!

There is something awful in a man without his ears. It suggests some horrid drama—some terrible scene of cruel vengeance; it suggests the idea of crime committed and punishment inflicted.

I might have had such horrid imaginings, but that I chanced to know why those ears were wanting. I remembered the man who was sitting before me!

It seemed a dream, or, rather, the re-enactment of an old scene. Years before, I had seen that individual, and for the first time, in a situation very similar. My eyes first rested upon him, seated as he was now, over a fire, roasting and eating. The attitude was the same; the *tout ensemble* in no respect different. There was the same greasy catskin-cap, the same scant leggings, the same brown buckskin covering over the lanky frame. Perhaps neither shirt nor leggings had been taken off since I last saw them. They appeared no dirtier, however; that was not possible. Nor was it possible, having once looked upon the wearer, ever to forget him. I remembered him at a glance—Reuben Rawlings, or "Old Rube," as he was more commonly called, one of the most celebrated of trappers. The younger man was "Bill Garey," another celebrity of the same profession, and old Rube's partner and constant companion.

My heart gladdened at the sight of these old acquaintances. I now knew I was with friends.

I was about to call out to them, when my eye wandering beyond, rested upon the group of horses, and what I saw startled me from my recumbent position. There was Rube's old, blind, bare-ribbed, high-boned, long-eared mare-mustang. Her lank, grizzled body, naked tail, and mulish look, I remembered well. There, too, was the large powerful horse of Garey, and there was my own steed Moro picketed beside them! This was a joyful surprise to me, as he had galloped off after his escape from the bear, and I had felt anxious about recovering him; but it was not the sight of Moro that caused me to start with astonishment; it was at seeing another well-remembered animal—another horse. Was I mistaken? Was it an illusion? Were my eyes or my fancy again mocking me? No! It was a reality. There was the noble form, the graceful and symmetrical outlines, the smooth coat of silver white, the flowing tail, the upright jetty ears—all were before my eyes. It was he. *It was the white steed of the prairies!*

### CHAPTER XXV.

A QUEER CONVERSATION.

The surprise, with the exertion I had made in raising myself, overcame me, and I fell back in a swoon. It was but a momentary dizziness, and in a short while I was again conscious. Meanwhile, the two men had approached, and having applied something cold to my temples, stood near me conversing; I heard every word.

"Durn the weemen!" (I recognized Rube's voice;) "thur allers a gittin a fellur into some scrape. Hyur's a putty pickle to be in, an all through a gurl. Durn the weemen! sez I."

"We-ell," drawlingly responded Carey, "prehaps he loves the gal. They sez she's mighty hansum. Love's a strong feelin', Rube."

Although I had my eyes partially open, I could not see Rube, as he was standing behind the suspended robe; but a gurgling, clucking sound—somewhat like that made in pouring water from a bottle—reached my ears, and told me what effect Carey's remark had produced upon his companion.

"Cuss me, Bill!" the latter at length rejoined—"cuss me! of yur ain't as durned a fool as the young fellur hisself! Love's a strong feelin! He, he, he—ho, ho, hoo! Wal, I guess it must a be to make sich dodrotted fools o' raxeonable men. As yit, it ain't fooled this child, I reck'n."

"You never knewd what love wur, old hoss?"

"Thur yur off o' the trail, Bill-ee. I *did* oncest—yis; oncest I wur in love, plum to the toe-nails. But thet wur a gurl to git sweet on. Ye-es, thet she wur, and no mistake!"

This speech ended in a sigh that sounded like the blowing of a buffalo.

"Who wur the gal?" inquired Carey, after a pause. "White or Injun?"

"Injun!" exclaimed Rube, in a contemptuous tone; "no; I reckon not, boyee. I don't say thet, *for a wife*, an Injun ain't jest as good as a white, an more convaynient she are to git shet of when yur tired o' her. I've hed a good grist 'o squaws in my time—hef-a-dozen maybe, and maybe more. This I *kin* say, and no boastin neyther, that I never sold a squaw yet for a plug o' bacca less than I gin for her; an on most 'o 'em I made a clur profit. Thurfur, Billee, I don't object to an Injun fur a wife; but *wives* is one thing, an *sweetheart* is diff'rent, when it comes to thet. Now the gurl I'm a-talkin 'bout wur my sweetheart."

"She wur a white gal, then?"

"Are allyblaster white? She wur white as the bleached skull o' a buffler; and seeh har! 'Twur as red as the brush o' a kitfox. Eyes too! Ah, Billee, boy, them wur eyes to squint out o'! They wur as big as a buck's, an as soft as smoked fawn-skin. I never seed a pair o' eyes like hern!"

"What wur her name?"

"Her name wur Char'ty, and as near as I kin remember 'twur Holmes—Char'ty Holmes. Ye-es, that wur the name. 'Twur upon Big-duck crick in the Tennessee bottom, the place whur this child chawed his fust hoe-cake. Let me see—it ur now more'n thirty yeer ago. I fust met the gurl at a candy-pullin; and I recollex well we wur put to eat taffy agin one another. We ate till our lips met; an then the kissin—thet wur kissin, boyee. Char'ty's lips wur sweeter than the candy! We met oncest agin at a corn-shuckin, and arterwards at a blanket-trampin, an thur's whur the bizness wur done. I seed Char'ty's ankles as she wur a-trampin out the blankets, as white as smooth as peeled poplar. Arter thet turn, all up wi' Reuben Rawlings. I approached the gurl 'ithout more ado; an sez I—'Char'ty,' sez I, 'I freeze to you;' an sez she—'Reuben, I cottons to you.' So I immeediantly went up to the ole squire—thet ur Squire Holmes—an axed him for his darter. Durn the ole skunk! he refused to gin her to me!"

"Jest then, thur kum a pedlar from Kinnetticut, all kivered wi' fine broadcloth. He made love to Char'ty; an wud yur believe it, Bill? the gurl married him! Cuss the weemen! thur all alike.

"I met the pedlar shortly arter, an gin *him* sech a larrupin as laid him up for a month; but I hed to clur out for it, an I then tuk to the plains. I never seed Char'ty arterward, but I heerd o' her oncest from a fellur I kim acrost on the Massoury. She wur a splendid critter; an if she ur still livin, she must hev a good grist o' young uns by this, for the fellur said she'd hed twins shortly arter she wur married, with *hur an eyes jest like herself!* Wal, thur's no kalkalatin on weemen, any how. Jest see what this young fellur's got by tryin to sarve 'em. Wagh!"

Up to this moment I took no part in the conversation, nor had I indicated to either of the trappers that I was aware of their presence. Everything was enveloped in mystery. The presence of the white steed had sufficiently astonished me, and not less that of my old acquaintances, Rube and Garey. The whole scene was a puzzle; I was now equally at a loss to account for their being acquainted with the cause that had brought me there. That they were so, was evident from their conversation. Where could they have procured their information on this head? Neither of them had been at the rancheria, nor in the army anywhere; certainly not, else I should have heard of them. Indeed, either of them would have made himself known to me, as a strong friendship had formerly existed between us.

But they alone could give me an explanation, and, without further conjecture, I turned to them.

"Rube! Garey!" I said, holding out my hands.

"Hilloo! yur a-comin too, young fellur—That's right; but thur now—lay still a bit—don't worrit yurself; y'will be stronger by'm by."

"Take a sup o' this," said the other, with an air of rude kindness, at the same time holding out a small gourd, which I applied to my lips. It was *aguardiente* of El Paso, better known among the mountain-men as "Pass-whiskey." The immediate effect of this strong, but not bad spirit, was to strengthen my nerves, and render me abler to converse.

"I see you recollects us, capt'n," said Garey, apparently pleased at the recognition.

"Well, old comrades—well do I remember you."

"We ain't forgot you, neyther. Rube and I often talked about yo. We many a time wondered what hed becomed o' you. We heerd, of coorse, that you hed gone back to the settlements, an that you hed come into gobs o' property, and hed to change yur name to git it—"

"Durn the name!" interrupted Rube. "I'd change mine any day for a plug o' Jeemes River bacca; thet wud I sartint."

"No, capt'n," continued the younger trapper, without heeding Rube's interruption, "we hedn't forgot you, neyther of us."

"That we hedn't!" added Rube emphatically: "forgot ye—forgot the young fellur as tuk ole Rube for a grizzly! He, he, he!—ho, ho, hoo! How Bill hyur did larf when I gin him the account o' that bisness in the cave. Bill, boy, I nivir seed you larf so in all my life. Ole Rube tuk for a grizzly! He, he, he!—ho, ho, hoo!"

And the old trapper went off into a fit of laughing that occupied nearly a minute. At the end of it, he continued:

"Thet wur a kewrious bit o' dodgin'—wan't it, young fellur? You saved my ole karkidge thet time, an I ain't a-gwine to forgit it; no, this child ain't."

"I think you have repaid me; you have rescued me from the bear!"

"From *one* bar prehaps we did, but from t'other grizzly you rescooed yurself; an, young fellur, you must a fit a putty consid'rable bout afore the vamint knocked under. The way you hev gin him the bowie ur a caution to snakes, I reck'n."

"What? were there two bears?"

"Look thur! thur's a kupple, ain't thur?"

The trapper pointed in the direction of the fire. Sure enough, the carcasses of *two* bears lay upon the ground, both skinned, and partially cut up!

"I fought with only one."

"And thet wur enuf at a time, an a leetle more, I reck'n. 'Tain't many as lives to wag thur jaws arter a stan-up tussle wi' a grizzly. Wagh! how you must have fit, to a rubbed out thet bar!"

"I *killed* the bear, then?"

"Thet you sartintly did, young fellur. When Bill an me kim on the groun, the bar wur as dead as pickled pork. We thort yur case wan't any better. Thur you lay a-huggin the bar, an the bar a-huggin you, as of both on yur hed gone to sleep in a sort o' friendly way, like the babbies in the wood. But thur wur yur claret a kiverin the paraira for yurds round. Thur wan't as much blood in you as wud a gin a leech his breakfast."

"The other bear?"

"She kum arterwards out of the gully. Bill, he wur gone to look arter the white hoss. I wur sittin by you, jest hyur, when I seed the vamint's snout pokin up. I knowd it wur the she-bar a-comin to see where ole Eph had strayed to. So I tuk up Targuts, an plummed the critter in the eye, an thet wur the eend o' *her* trampin.

"Now, lookee hyur, young fellur! I ain't no doctur, neyther's Bill, but I knows enough about wownds to be sartint thet you must lay still, an stop talkin. Yur mighty bad scratched, I tell ye, but yur not dangerous, only you've got no blood in your body, an you must wait till it gathers agin. Take another suck out o' the gourd. Thur now, come, Billee! leave 'im alone. Le's go an hev a fresh tooth-full o' bar-meat."

And so, saying, the leathery figure moved off in the direction of the fire, followed by his younger companion.

Although I was anxious to have a further explanation about the other points that puzzled me—about the steed, the trappers' own presence, their knowledge of my wild hunt, and its antecedents—I knew it would be useless to question Old Rube any further after what he had said; I was compelled, therefore, to follow his advice, and remain quiet.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

VOWS OF VENGEANCE.

I soon fell asleep again, and this time slept long and profoundly. It was after nightfall, in fact, near midnight, when I awoke. The air had grown chilly, but I found I had not been neglected; my serape was wrapped closely around me, and, with a buffalo-robe, had sufficiently protected me from the cold while I slept. On awaking, I felt much better and stronger. I looked around for my companions. The fire had gone out—no doubt intentionally extinguished, lest its glare amid the darkness might attract the eye of some roving Indian. The night was a clear one, though moonless; but the heaven was spangled with its sparkling worlds, and the starlight enabled me to make out the forms of the two trappers and the group of browsing horses. Of the former, one only was asleep; the other sat upright, keeping guard over the camp. He was motionless as a statue; but the small spark gleaming like a glowworm from the bowl of his tobacco-pipe, gave token of his wakefulness. Dim as the light was, I could distinguish the upright form to be that of the curless trapper. It was Garey who was sleeping.

I could have wished it otherwise. I was anxious to have some conversation with the younger of my companions; I was longing for an explanation, and I should have preferred addressing myself to Garey. My anxiety would not allow me to wait, and I turned towards Rube. He sat near me, and I spoke in a low tone, so as not to awake the sleeper.

"How came you to find me?"

"By follerin yur trail."

"Oh, you followed me then! From the settlements?"

"Not so fur. Bill an me wur camped in the chapparil, an spied you a gallupin arter the white hoss, as of all the devils wur arter you. I knowd yur at a glimp; sod'd Bill. Sez I; 'Bill, thet ur the young fellur as tuk me for a grizzly up thur in the mountains,' an the recolleckshun o' the sark'mstance sot me a larfin till my ole ribs ached. 'It ur the same,' sez Bill. An jest then, we met a Mexikin who hed been yur gukie, gallupin about in sarch o' you. He gin us a story 'bout some gurl thet hed sent you to catch the white hoss; some saynyora with a dodrotted long name. 'Durn the weemen!' sez I to Bill. Didn't I, Bill?"

To this interesting interrogatory, Garey, who was but half asleep, gave an assenting grunt.

"Wal," continued Rube, "seein thur wur a pettycoat in the case, I sez to Bill, sez I: 'Thet young fellur ain't a-gwine to pull up till eyther he grups the hoss, or the hoss gits clur off.' Now, I knowd you wur well mounted, but I knowed you wur arter the fastest critter on all these parairas; so I sez to Bill, sez I: 'Billee, thur boun for a long gallup.' Sez Bill; 'Thet ur sartin.' Wal! Bill and me tuk the idee in our heads, thet you mout get lost, for we seed the white hoss wur a makin for the big paraira. It ain't the biggest paraira in creashun, but it ur one of the wust to git strayed on. Yur green-horns wur all gone back, so Bill an me catched up our critters, an as soon as we kud saddle 'em, put arter you. When we kumd out in the paraira, we seed no signs o' you, 'ceptin your trail. Thet we follered up; but it wur night long afore we got half way hyur, an wur obleeged to halt till sunup.

"In the mornin, the trail wur purly blind, on account o' the rain; an it tuk us a good spell afore we reached the gully. 'Thur,' sez Bill, 'the hoss hes jumped in an hyur's the trail o' the young fellur leadin down the bank.' Wal, we wur jest turnin to go down, when we seed yur own hoss a good ways off on the paraira, 'ithout saddle or bridle. We rid straight for him, an when we got closter, we seed somethin on the groun, right under the hoss's nose. Thet somethin turned out to be yourself an the grizzly, lyin in grups, as quiet as a kupple o' sleepin 'possums. Yur hoss wur a squealin like a bag o' wild-cats, an at fust Bill an me thort you hed gone under. But upon a closter view, we seed you wur only a faintin, while the bar wur as dead as a buck. Of coorse we sot about doctorin you, to fotch you roun agin."

"But the steed? the white steed?"

"Bill hyur grupped him in the gully. A leetle further down it's stopped up wi' big rocks. We knowed thet, for we'd been hyur afore. We knowd the hoss kudn't a got over the rocks, an Bill went arter an foun him, on a ledge whur he hed climb out o' reech o' the flood; an then he lazoed the critter, an fotched 'im up hyur. Now, young fellur, you hev the hul story.'

"An the hoss," added Garey, rising from his recumbent position, "he's yourn, capt'n. Ef you hadn't rid him down, I couldn't a roped him so easy. He's yourn, ef yu'll accept him."

"Thanks, thanks! not for the gift alone, but I may thank you for my life. But for you, I might never have left this spot. Thanks! old comrades, thanks!"

Every point was now cleared up. There was mystery no longer, though, from an expression which Garey had dropped, I still desired a word with him in private.

On further inquiry, I learned that the trappers were on their way to take part in the campaign. Some barbarous treatment they had experienced from Mexican soldiers at a frontier post, had rendered both of them inveterate foes to Mexico; and Rube declared he would never be contented until he had "plugged a score of the yellur-hided vamints." The breaking out of the war gave them the opportunity they desired, and they were now on their way, from a distant part of prairie-land, to take a hand in it.

The vehemence of their hostility towards the Mexicans somewhat surprised me—as I knew it was a recent feeling with them—and I inquired more particularly into the nature of the ill-treatment they had received. They answered me by giving a detailed account of the affair. It had occurred at one of the Mexican frontier towns, where, upon a slight pretext, the trappers had been arrested and flogged, by order of the commanding officer of the post.

"Yes-s!" said Rube, the words hissing angrily through his teeth; "yes-s, flogged!—a mountain-man flogged by a cussed monkey of a Mexikin! No'er a mind! no'er a mind! By the 'tarnal!—an when I say thet, I swar it—this niggur don't leave Mexiko till he hes rubbed out a soger for every lash they gin him—an that's twenty!"

"Hyur's another, old hoss!" cried Garey, with equal earnestness of manner—"hyur's another that swars the same oath!"

"Yes, Billee, boy! I guess we'll count some in a skrimmage. Thur's two a'ready! lookee thur, young fellur!"

As Rube said this, he held his rifle close to my eyes, pointing with his finger to a particular part of the stock. I saw two small notches freshly cut in the wood. I knew well enough what these notches meant; they were a registry of the deaths of two Mexicans, who had fallen by the hand or bullet of the trapper. They had not been the only victims of that unerring and deadly weapon. On the same piece of wood-work I could see long rows of similar *souvenirs*, apart from each other, only differing a little in shape. I knew something of the signification of these horrible hieroglyphics—I knew they were the history of a life fearfully spent—a life of red realities.

The sight was far from pleasant. I turned my eyes away, and remained silent.

"Mark me, young fellur!" continued Rube, who noticed that I was not gratified by the inspection; "don't mistake Bill Garey and me for wild beests; we ain't thet quite: we've been mighty riled, I reck'n; but f'r all thet, we ain't a-gwine to take revenge on weemen an childer, as Inguns do. No—weemen an childer don't count, nor men neyther, unless thur sogers. We've no spite agin the poor slaves o' Mexiko. *They* never did me nor Bill harm. We've been on one skurry, along wi' the Yutaws, down to the Del Nort settlements. Thur's whur I made them two nicks; but neyther Bill or me laid a finger on the weemen an childer. It wur bekase the Inguns *did*, thet we left 'em. We're jest kum from thur. We want fair fight among Christyun whites; thet's why we're hyur. Now, young fellur!"

I was glad to hear Rube talk in this manner, and I so signified to him. Indianised as the old trapper was, with all his savageness, all his reckless indifference to ordinary emotions, I knew there was still a touch of humanity in his breast. Indeed, on more than one occasion, I had witnessed singular displays of fine feeling on the part of Rube. Circumstanced as he was, he was not to be judged by the laws of civilised life.

"Your intention, then, is to join some corps of rangers, is it not?" I asked after a pause.

"I shed like it," replied Garey; "I shed like to join your company, capt'n; but Rube hyur won't consent to it."

"No!" exclaimed the other with emphasis; "I'll jine no kumpny. This niggur fights on his own hook. Yur see, young fellur, I hev been all my life a free mountaineer-man, an don't understan sogerin, no how. I mout make some mistake, or I moutn't like some o' the regilashuns; thurfor I prefers fightin arter my own fashun. Bill an me kin take care o' ourselves, I reck'n. Kin we, Bill?—eh, boyee?"

"I guess so, old hoss," replied Garey mildly; "but for all that, Rube, I think it would be better to go at it in a reglar way—particularly as the capt'n hyur would make the sogerin part as easy as possible. Wudn't yur, capt'n?"

"The discipline of my corps is not very severe. We are *Rangers*, and our duties are different from those of regular soldiers—"

"It ur no use," interrupted Rube; "I must fight as I've allers fit, free to kum an free to go whur I please. I won't bind myself. I mouth't like it, an mout desart."

"But by binding yourself," suggested I, "you draw pay and rations; whereas—"

"Durn pay an rashuns!" exclaimed the old trapper, striking the butt of his rifle upon the prairie. "Durn pay an rashuns! Young fellur, *I fights for revenge!*"

This was said in an energetic and conclusive manner, and I urged my advice no further.

"Look hyur, cap!" continued the speaker in a more subdued tone. "Though I ain't a-gwine to jine yur fellurs, yet thur ur a favor I wud axe from yur; an thet is, to let me an Bill keep by you, or follor whuriver you lead. I don't want to spunge for rashuns; we'll git thet ef thur's a hend o' game in Mexiko, an ef thur ain't, why we *kin eat a Mexikin*. Can't we, Bill?—eh, boyee?"

Garey knew this was one of Rube's jokes, and laughingly assented; adding, at the same time, that he would prefer eating any other "sort of varmint."

"No'er a mind!" continued Rube; "we ain't a-gwine to starve. So, young fellur, ef you agrees to our goin on them tarms, yu'll hev a kupple o' rifles near you thet won't miss fire—*they* wont."

"Enough! You shall go and come as you please. I shall be glad to have you near me, without binding you to any term of service."

"Hooray!—thet's the sort for us! Kum, Billee!—gie's another suck out o' your gourd. Hyur's success to the Stars and Stripes! Hooray for Texas!"

### CHAPTER XXVII.

A "WEED"-PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

My recovery was rapid. My wounds, though

deep, were not dangerous; they were only flesh-wounds, and closed rapidly under the cauterising influence of the *lechuguilla*. Rude as my doctors were, in the matter of such a malady, I could not have fallen into better hands. Both, during their lives of accident and exposure, had ample practice in the healing art; and I would have trusted either, in the curing of a rattlesnake's bite, or the tear of a grizzly bear's claw, in preference to the most accomplished surgeon. Old Rube, in particular, thoroughly understood the simple pharmacopœia of the prairies; and his application to my wounds of the sap of the *pita* plant obtained among the rocks of the ravine, bespoke his skill. This plant, a bromelia, is of the same genus as the *Agave Americana*, and by travellers often confounded with the latter, though quite a distinct plant from the *maguey* of cultivation. It grows in most parts of Mexico and South America, extending as far north as the latitude of 30 degrees, and even farther. There is no spot too arid or barren to give support to it. It is a true desert plant; and even on the naked rock, its curved and thorny blades may be seen radiating on all sides from the tall flower-stalk, that shoots upward like a signal-staff, to the height of twenty feet. As already observed, its uses are manifold; the fibre of its leaves can be manufactured into thread, cordage, and cloth; fences are constructed of the growing plant, and thatch of the blades when cut; its sap, distilled, furnishes the fiery but not unwholesome mezcal; and the large egg-shaped core or stem is eaten for food. Tribes of Indians—Lipans, Comanches, and Apaches—use it extensively as an article of diet. One branch of the great Apache nation are distinguished as "*Mezcaleros*" (eaters of the mezcal-plant). They bake it in ground-ovens of heated stones, along with the flesh of the wild-horse. It is firm when cooked, with a translucent appearance like candied fruits. I have eaten it; it is palatable—I might say delicious. The mastication of it is accompanied by a prickling sensation upon the tongue, singular to one unaccustomed to it. It is a gift of nature to the desert regions, where it grows in greatest luxuriance, and where it serves the same purpose in the economy of the savage natives as the *trias*, *mesembryanthemums*, and *zamias* (the Caffre bread), upon the arid karoos of Southern Africa.

One of the most esteemed qualities of this bromelia is the cauterising property of its juice, well known to the natives of the Mexican table-land, and to the Peruvians, where several species are found of like virtues. It will cause ordinary wounds to cicatrise in a few hours, and even "ugly gashes" will yield to it in time.

My companions had full knowledge of its effects, and having extracted the sap from its large succulent leaves, and boiled it to the consistency of honey, they applied it to my wounds. This operation they from time to time repeated, and the scratches were healed in a period marvellously short. My strength, too, was soon restored. Garey with his gun catered for the cuisine, and the ruffed grouse, the prairie partridge, and roasted ribs of fresh venison, were dainties even to an invalid.

In three days I was strong enough to mount; and bidding adieu to our camping ground, we set forth, taking with us our beautiful captive. He was still as wild as a deer; but we adopted precautions to prevent him from getting off. The trappers led him between them, secured to the saddles of both by a lazo.

We did not return in the direction of our old trail; my companions knew a shorter route, at least one upon which we should sooner reach water, and that is the most important consideration on a prairie-journey. We headed in a more westerly direction; in which, by keeping in a straight line, we should strike the Rio Grande some distance above the rancheria.

The sky was leaden-gray, the sun not being visible, and with no guide in the heavens, we knew that we might easily diverge from a direct course. To provide against this, my companions had recourse to a compass of their own invention. On taking our departure from camp, a sapling was stuck into the ground, and upon the top of this was adjusted a piece of bear's skin, which, with the long hair upon it, could be distinguished at the distance of a mile or more. The direction having been determined upon, another wand, similarly garnished with a tuft of the bear's skin, was set up several hundred yards distant from the first.

Turning our backs upon these signal-posts, we rode off with perfect confidence, glancing back at intervals to make sure we were keeping the track. So long as they remained in sight, and in line with each other, we could not otherwise than travel in a straight path. It was an ingenious contrivance, but it was not the first time I had been witness to the "instincts" of my trapper-friends, and therefore I was not astonished.

When the black tufts were well-nigh hidden from view, a similar pair—the materials for which had been brought along—were erected, and these insured our direction for another stretch of a mile; then fresh saplings were planted; and so on, till we had passed over some six miles of the plain.

We now came in sight of timber right ahead of us, and apparently about five miles distant. Towards this we directed our course.

We reached the timber about noon, and found it to consist of black-jack and post-oak groves, with mezquite and wild-china trees interspersed, and here and there some taller trees of the honey-locust (*Gleditschia triacanthos*).

It was not a close forest, but a succession of groves, with openings between—avenues and grassy glades. There were many pleasant spots, and, faint with the ride, I would fain have chosen one of them for a resting-place; but there was no water, and without water we could not halt. A short distance further, and we should reach a stream—a small *arroyo*, an affluent of the Rio Grande. So promised my companions, and we rode onward.

After passing a mile or so through the timber-openings, we came out on the edge of a prairie of considerable extent. It was full three miles in diameter, and differed altogether from the plain we had left behind us. It was of the kind known in hunter phraseology as a "weed-prairie"—that is, instead of having a grassy turf, its surface was covered with a thick growth of flowering-plants, as *helianthus*, *malvas*, *althæas*, *hibiscus*, and other tall annuals standing side by side, and frequently laced together by wild-pea vines and various species of convolvulus. Such a flower-prairie was the one now before us, but not a flower was in sight, they had all bloomed, faded, and fallen, perhaps unseen by human eye, and the withered stalks, burned by a hot sun, looked brown and forbidding. They cracked and broke at the slightest touch, shelling their seed-pods like rain upon the loose earth.

Instead of striking across this prairie, we skirted around its edge; and at no great distance, arrived on the banks of the arroyo which ran along one side.

We had made but a short march; but my companions, fearful that a longer ride might bring on fever, proposed to encamp there for the night, and finish our journey on the following day. Though I felt strong enough to have gone further, I made no objection to the proposal; and our horses were at once unsaddled and picketed near the banks of the arroyo.

The stream ran through a little bottom-valley covered with a sward of grass, and upon this we staked our steeds; but a better place offered for our camp upon the higher ground; and we chose a spot under the shade of a large locust-tree, upon the edge of the great wilderness of weeds. To this place we carried our saddles, bridles, and blankets, and having collected a quantity of dead branches, kindled our camp-fire. We had already quenched our thirst at the stream, but, although we were all three hungry enough, the dried flesh of the grizzly bear proved but a poor repast. The *rivulet* looked promising for fish. Garey carried both hooks and *line in* his "possible sack," and I proposed the angle.

The young trapper soon baited his hooks; and he and I, repairing to the stream, cast our lines, sat down, and waited for a nibble.

Fishing was not to Rube's taste. For a few minutes he stood watching us, but evidently with little interest, either in the sport, or what it might produce. Rube was not a fish-eater.

"Durn yur fish!" exclaimed he at length; "I'd rather hev a hunk o' deer-meat than all the fish in Texas. I'll jest see ef I kin scare up sometbin; the place looks likely for deer—*it* do."

So saying, the old trapper shouldered his long rifle, and stalked away up the bank, was soon out of sight.

Garey and I continued bobbing with but indifferent success. We had succeeded in drawing out a couple of cat-fish, not the most palatable of the finny tribe, when the crack of Rube's rifle sounded in our ears. It seemed to come from the weed-prairie, and we both ran upon the high bank to ascertain what success had attended the shot. Sure enough, Rube was out in the prairie, nearly half a mile distant from the camp. His head and shoulders were just visible above the tall stalks of the helianthus; and we could see, by his stooping at intervals, that he was bending over some game he had killed, skinning or cutting it up. The game we could not see, on account of the interposed stalks of the weeds.

"A deer, I reck'n," remarked Garey. "Buffler don't often o' late years stray so far to the suthert, though I've killed some on the Grande, higher up."

Without other remark passing between us, we descended to the arroyo, and continued our fishing. We took it for granted that Rube did not require any aid, or he would have signaled to us. He would soon return with his game to the camp.

We had just discovered that silver-fish (a species of *hyodon*) were plentiful in the stream, and this attracted us back. We were desirous of taking some of them for our dinner, knowing them to be excellent eating, and far superior to the despised "cat."

Having changed our bait for some small pieces of gold-lace, which my uniform furnished, we succeed in pulling several of these beautiful creatures out of the water; and were congratulating one another upon the delicious broil we should have, when our conversation was suddenly interrupted by a crackling noise, that caused both of us to turn our faces towards the prairie. The sight that met our eyes prompted us to spring simultaneously to our feet. Our horses already reared upon their lazoes—neighing with affright—and the wild screams of Rube's mustang mare were loud and continuous. There was no mystery about the cause; that was obvious at a glance. The wind had blown some sparks among the dry flower-stalks. The prairie was on fire!

Though startled at the first sight of the conflagration, for ourselves we had nothing to fear. The bottom on which we stood was a sward of short buffalo-grass; it was not likely to catch fire, and even if it did, we could easily escape from it. There is not much danger in a burning prairie where the grass is light and short; one can dash through the line of flame with no further injury than the singing of his hair, or a little suffocation from smoke; but upon a plain covered with rank and thick vegetation, the case is very different. We therefore felt no apprehension for ourselves, but we did for our companion; *his* situation filled us with alarm.

Was he still where we had last seen him? This was the first question we asked one another. If so, then his peril was great indeed; escape would be almost hopeless! We had observed him a full half mile out among the weeds. He was on foot too. To have attempted a retreat towards the opposite side of the prairie, would have been folly; it was three miles off. Even on horseback, the flames would have overtaken him! Mounted, or on foot, he could not have got out of the way through those tall stalks—laced as they were by pea-vines and other trailing plants—whose tough tangle would have hindered the progress of the strongest horse!

To have returned to the near side would be his only chance; but that would be in the very face of the fire, and, unless he had started long before the flames broke out, it was evident that his retreat in that direction would be cut off. As already stated, the weeds were as dry as tinder; and the flames, impelled by gusts of wind, at intervals shot out their red tongues, licking up the withered stalks, coiling like serpents around them, and consuming them almost instantaneously.

Filled with forebodings, my companion and I rushed in the direction of the prairie.

When first noticed by us, the fire had extended but a few yards on each side of the locust-trees we had chosen for our camp. We were not opposite this point at the moment, having gone a little way down the arroyo; we ran, therefore, not towards the camp, but for the nearest point of high ground, in order to discover the situation of our friend. On reaching the high ground, about two hundred yards from the locust, we saw to our astonishment, that the fire had already spread, and was now burning forward to the spot where we had climbed up! We had only a moment to glance outward, when the conflagration, hissing and crackling as it passed, rolled in front of us, and with its wall of flame shut off our view of the prairie.

But that glance had shown us all, and filled our hearts with sorrow and dismay; it revealed the situation of the trapper—no longer a situation of peril, but, as we supposed, of certain death! He was still in the place where we had seen him; he had evidently made no attempt to escape from it. Perhaps the knowledge that such an attempt must have failed, had hindered him from making it. The reflection that he might as well die where he stood, as be licked up by the flames in the act of fleeing from them, had bound him to the spot!

Oh! it was a dread sight to see that old man, hardened sinner that he was, about to be snatched into eternity! I remember his wild look, as the red flame, rolling between us, shut him from our sight! We had seen him but for a single instant; his head and shoulders were alone visible above the tall weeds. He made no sign either with voice or arm; but I fancied that even at that distance I could read his glance of despair.

Was there no hope? Could no exertion be made to rescue him? Could he do nothing for himself? Was there no chance of his being able to clear a circle round him, and burn off a space before the line of fire could come up? Such a ruse has often availed, but no—never in such ground as that! The weeds were too thick and tall—it could not be done—Garey said it could not be done.

There was no hope, then. *The trapper was lost!*

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### RUBE ROASTED ALIVE.

Doomed beyond doubt—doomed to quick, awful, and certain death was the careless trapper. In five minutes more he must perish. The wall of flame, moving faster than charging cavalry, would soon envelope him, and surer than the carbine's volley or the keen sabre-cut, was the death borne forward by that hissing, crackling cohort of fire. Here and there, tall jets, shooting suddenly upward, stalked far in advance of the main line—fiery giants, with red arms stretched forth, as if eager to grasp their victim. Already their hot breath was upon him; another minute, and he must perish!

In a sort of stupor we stood, Garey and I, watching the advance of the flames. Neither of us uttered a word: painful emotions prevented speech. Both our hearts were beating audibly. Mine was bitterly wrung; but I knew that of my companion was enduring the very acme of anguish. I glanced upward to his face: his eye was fixed, and looked steadfastly in one direction—as though it would pierce the sheet of flame, that rolled further and further from where we stood, and nearer to the fatal spot. The expression of that eye was fearful to behold; it was a look of concentrated agony. A single tear had escaped from it, and was rolling down the rude weather-bronzed cheek, little used to such bedewing. The broad chest was heaving in short quick spasms, and it was evident the man was struggling with his breath. He was listening through all this intensity of gaze—listening for the death-shriek of his old comrade—his bosom-friend!

Not long was the suspense; though there was no shriek, no cry of human voice, to indicate the crisis. If any arose, it was not heard by us. It could not have been; it would have been drowned amid the roar of the flames, and the crackling of the hollow culms, whose pent-up gases, set free by the fire, sounded like the continuous rolling of musketry. No death-cry fell upon our ears; but, for all that, we were satisfied that the drama had reached its denouement: the unfortunate trapper was roasted alive!

Already the flames had passed over the spot where we had last seen him—far beyond—leaving the ground charred and black behind them. Though the smoke hindered our view of the plain, we knew that the climax had passed: the hapless victim had succumbed; and it remained only to look for his bones among the smouldering ashes.

Up to this moment, Garey had stood in a fixed attitude, silent and rigid as a statue. It was not hope that held him thus spell-bound; he had entertained no such feeling from the first: it was rather a paralysis produced by despair. Now that the crisis was over, and he felt certain that his comrade had perished, his muscles, so long held in tension, suddenly relaxed—his arms fell loosely to his sides—the tears chased each other over his cheeks—his head reclined forward, and in a hoarse, husky voice he exclaimed:

"Oh! he's rubbed out, rubbed out! We've seed the last o' poor Old Rube!"

My sorrow, though perhaps not so keen as that of my companion, was nevertheless sufficiently painful. I knew the careless trapper well—had been his associate under strange circumstances—amid scenes of danger that draw men's hearts more closely together than any phrases of flattery or compliment. More than once had I seen him tried in the hour of peril; and I know that, notwithstanding the wildness and eccentricity of his character—of his crimes, I might add—his heart, ill directed by early education, ill guided by after-association, was still rife with many virtues. Many proofs of this could I recall; and I confess that a feeling akin to friendship had grown up between myself and this singular man.

Between Garey and Rube the ties were still stronger. Long and inseparable companionship—years of participation in a life of hardships and perils—like thoughts and habitudes—though perhaps dispositions, age and characters were a good deal unlike—all had combined to unite the two in a firm bond of friendship. To use their own expressive phrase, they "*frose*" to each other. No wonder then that the look, with which the young trapper regarded that black plain, was one of indescribable anguish.

To his mournful speech, I made no reply. What could I have said? I could not offer consolation. I was weeping as well as he: my silence was but an assent to his sad soliloquy.

After a moment he continued, his voice still trembling with sorrow; "Come, commarade! It is no use our cryin like a kupple o' squaws." With his large finger he dashed the tears aside, as if ashamed of having shed them. "It is all over now. Let's look arter his bones—that is, if thar's anythin left o' them—and gie 'em Christyun burial. Come!"

We caught our horses, and mounting, rode off over the burnt ground. The hoofs of the animals tossed up the smouldering ashes, the red hot cinders causing them to prance. The smoke pained our eyes, and prevented us from seeing far ahead; but we guided ourselves, as well as we could, towards the point where we had last seen the trapper, and where we expected to find his remains.

On nearing the spot, our eyes fell upon a dark mass that lay upon the plain; it was much larger than the body of a man. We could not make out what it was, until within a few feet of it, and even then it was difficult to recognize it as the carcass of a buffalo—though such in reality it was. It was the game which the trapper had killed. It rested as it had fallen—as these animals usually fall—upon the breast, with legs widely spread, and humped shoulders upward. We could perceive that the unfortunate man had nearly finished skinning it—for the hide, parted along the spine, had been removed from the back and sides, and with the fleshy side turned outward, was hanging to the ground, so as to conceal the lower half of the carcass. The whole surface was burnt to the color of charcoal.

But where were the remains of the hunter? They were no where to be seen near the spot. The smoke had cleared away sufficiently to enable us to observe the ground for several hundred yards around us. An object of small dimensions could have been distinguished upon the now bare surface; but none was seen. Yes! a mass lay beside the carcass, which drew our attention for a moment; but on riding up to it we perceived that it was the stomach and intestines of the buffalo, black and half broiled.

Where were the bones of Rube? Had he run away from the spot, and perished elsewhere?

We glanced towards the fire still raging on the distant plain. But no; it was not probable he had gone thence. By the last look we had obtained of him, it did not appear that he was making any effort to escape, and he could scarcely have gone a hundred yards before the flames swept over the spot. How then? Were his bones entirely consumed—calcined—reduced to ashes? The lean, withered, and dried-up body of the old mountain-man favored such a supposition; and we began seriously to entertain it—for in no other way could we account for the total absence of all remains!

For some moments we sat in our saddles under the influence of strange emotions, but without exchanging a word. We scanned the black surface round and round. The smoke no longer hindered our view of the ground. In the weed-prairies there is no grassy turf; and the dry herbaceous stems of the annuals had burned out, with the rapidity of burning flax, so that nothing now remained to cause a smoke. The fire was red or dead in an instant. We could see clear enough all that lay over the ground, but nothing like the remains of a human being!

"No," said Garey, with a long-drawn sigh. "Poor old Rube! The cussed thing has burned him to ashes—bones and all! Thur ain't as much o' im left as 'udd fill a tabacca-pipe!"

"What! thur ain't!" replied a voice that caused both of us to start in our saddles, as if it had been Rube's ghost that addressed us—"thur ain't!" repeated the voice, as though it came out of the ground beneath our feet. "Thur's enough o' Ole Rube left to fill the stummuk o' this hyur buffler; an by the jumpin Gechosophat, a tight fit it ur! Wagh! I'm nigh suffocated! Gie's yur claws, Bill, and pull me out o' this hyur trap!"

To our astonishment the pendent hide of the buffalo was raised by an invisible hand; and underneath appeared, protruding through a hole in the side of the huge carcass, the unmistakeable physiognomy of the careless trapper!

There was something so ludicrous in the apparition, that the sight of it, combined with the joyful reaction of our feelings, sent both Garey and myself into convulsions of laughter. The young trapper lay back in the saddle to give freer play to his lungs; and his loud cachinnations, varied at intervals by savage yells, caused our horses to dance about as if they dreaded an onslaught of Indians!

At first, I could detect a significant smile at the angles formed by Rube's thin lips; but this disappeared as the laughter continued too long for his patience.

"Guss yur larfin!" cried he at length. "Kum, Billee, boy! Lay holt hyur, an gie' me a help, or I must wriggle out o' meself. The durned hole ain't es big es twur when I krep in. Durn it, man, make haste! I'm better'n half-baked!"

Garey now leaped from his horse, and taking hold of his comrade by the "claws," drew him out of his singular hiding-place. But the appearance of the old trapper, as he stood erect—red, reeking, and greasy—was so supremely ludicrous, that both Garey and I were forced into a fresh fit of laughter, which lasted for several minutes.

Rube, once released from his uncomfortable situation, paid not the slightest attention to our mirth; but stooping down, drew out his long rifle—from where he had secured it under the hanging skin—and after having examined the piece, to see that no harm had come to it, he laid it gently across the horns of the bull. Then taking the "bowie" from his belt, he quietly proceeded with the skinning of the buffalo, as if nothing had happened to interrupt the operation.

Meanwhile Garey and I had laughed ourselves hoarse, and, moreover, were brimful of curiosity to know the particulars of Rube's adventure. For some time he fought shy of our queries, and pretended to be "miffed" at the manner in which we had *welcomed him to life* again. It was all pretence, however, as Garey well knew; and the latter having thrust into his comrades hand the gourd, still containing a small drop of *aguardiente*, soon conciliated him; and after a little more coaxing, he condescended to give us the details of his curious escapade. Thus ran his narration:

"Ee wur both o' yur mighty green to think thet arter fightin grizzly bar and Injun for nigh forty yeern on these hyur parairas, I wur a gwine to be rubbed out by a spunk o' fire like thet. Preehaps 'twur nat'ral enough for the young feller hyur to take me for a *greenhorn*, seein as he oncest tuk me for a *grizzly*. He, he, he—ho, ho, hoo! I say it wur, an ur nat'ral enough for him to a thort so; but you mout a knowd better—you, Bill Garey, seein as ee oughter knowd *me*.

"Wal!" continued Rube, after another "suck" at the gourd, "when I seed the weeds afire, I knowd it wa'nt no use maskin tracks. Preehaps if I a spied the thing when the bleeze fust broke out, I mout a run for it, an mout a bed time; but I wur busy skinnin this hyur beest, wi' my head clost down to the karkidge, an thurfor did'nt see nuthin till I heern the cracklin, an in coorse thur wa'nt the ghost o' a chance to git clur then. I seed thet at the fust glimp.

"I ain't a gwine to say I wan't skeart; I wur skeart, and bad skeart too. I thort for a spell, I wur boun to *go under*. Jest then I sot my eyes upon the buffler. I hed got the crittur 'bout half skinned, as ee see; an the idee kim inter my head, I mout crawl somehow under, an pull the hide over me. I tried thet plan fust; but I kudnt git kivered to my satisfaction, an I gin it up. A better idee then kim uppermost, an thet wur to clur out the anymal's inside, an thur *cache*. I reck'n I wa'nt long in cuttin out a wheen o' the buffler's ribs, an tearin out the guts; an I wa'nt long neyther in squeezin my karkidge, feet fo'most, through the hole. I hedn't need to a been long: it wur a close shave an a tight fit, *it* wur. Jest as I hed got my head 'bout half through, the bleeze kim swizzin round, an nearly singed the *ears of o' me*. He, he, he—ho, ho, hoo!

Garey and I joined in the laugh, at what we both knew to be one of Old Rube's favorite jokes—but Rube himself chuckled so long, that we became impatient to hear the end of his adventure.

"Well!" interrupted Garey, "consarn your old skin! what next?"

"Wagh!" continued the trapper, "the way thet bleeze did kum wur a caution to snakes. It roared an screeched, an yowled an hissed, an the weeds crackled like a million o' wagon-whups! I war like to be spillicated wi' the smoke, but I contruv to pull down the flap o' hide, an thet gin me some relief, though I war well-nigh choked afore I got the thing fixed. So thur I lay till I heern you fellurs palaverin about a 'bacca-pipe, and thurfor I know'd the hul thing wur over. Wagh!"

And with this exclamation, Rube ended his narration, and once more betook himself to the butchering of the already half-roasted buffalo.

Garey and I lent a hand; and having cut out the hump-ribs and other titbits, we returned to the camp. What with broiled hyodons, roast ribs, tongue, and marrow-bones, we had no reason for that night to be dissatisfied with the hospitality of the prairies.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### ARE THEY COMANCHES?

After a breakfast of buffalo-flesh, seasoned with splendid appetites, and washed down by a cup of cold water from the arroyo, we "saddled up," and headed for a high *butte*, just visible over the plain. My companions knew the landmark well. It lay directly in our route. We should pass near its base, and a ride of ten miles further would bring us to the end of our journey; indeed, the eminence was within sight of the rancheria. From the roof of the alcalde's house, I had frequently noticed it. In clear weather only was it visible, outlined against the horizon, in a north-westerly direction from the village.

Struck with the singularity of this prairie-mound, I had projected a visit to it; but circumstances had prevented me from carrying out my intention. I was now to have the pleasure of a nearer acquaintance with it.

I have called it singular. Most isolated hills are conical, dome-shaped, or ridge-like; this one differed from the usual configuration—hence its singularity. It presented the appearance of a huge box set upon the prairie, not unlike that rare formation, the "cofre," which crowns the summit of the mountain Perote. Its sides in the distance appeared perfectly vertical, and its top horizontal as the plain on which it rested.

As we drew nearer, I could perceive by the dark parapet-like band along its crest that it was covered with a growth of timber. This was the more readily observed from contrast with the perpendicular sides, which were almost of a snowy whiteness, on account of the gypsum, chalk, or milky quartz, of which the rock was composed. The most peculiar feature of the mound was perhaps its apparently regular form—a perfect parallelopipedon But it was striking in other respects. Its sides glistened fantastically under the rays of the sun, as though it were studded with windows of glass. This, however, was easily accounted for; and I knew that the sparkling effect was produced by plates of mica or selenite that entered into the composition of the rock. I had seen whole mountains that presented a similar appearance. More than one such exists in the great American Sahara, in whose glittering cliffs, viewed from afar, may be found the origin of that wild chimera, the *mountain of gold*.

Although neither a mountain of gold nor silver, the mound in question was an object of rare interest. A very enchanted castle did it appear, and it was difficult to assign its formation to nature alone. Human agency, one could not help fancying, must have had something to do in piling up a structure so regular and compact. But he who has travelled over much of the earth's surface, will have met with many "freaks" of nature, exhibiting like appearance of design, in her world of inorganic matter. It was, in fact, one of those formations of which many are met with in the plateaux-lands of America, known in Spanish phraseology as *mesas*. This name is given to them in allusion to the flat, table-like tops which distinguish them from other elevated summits. Sometimes one of these mesas is found hundreds of miles from any similar eminence; more frequently a number of them stand near each other, like truncated cones—the summits of all being on the same level, and often covered with a vegetation differing materially from that of the surrounding plains. Geologists have affirmed that these table-tops are the ancient level of the plains themselves; and that all around and intervening between them, has either sunk or submitted to the degradation of water! It is a vague explanation, and scarcely satisfies the speculative mind. The *mesa* of Mexico is still a geological puzzle.

As we approached this singular object, I could not help regarding it with a degree of curiosity. I had seen mesa heights before—in the "mauvaise terre," upon the Missouri, in the Navajo country west of the Rocky Mountains, and along the edges of the "Llano Estacado," which of itself is a vast mesa. The mound before us was peculiar, from its very regular form, and the sparkling sheen of its cliffs. Its complete isolation, moreover, added to the effect—for no other eminence appeared in sight. The low hills that bordered the Rio Grande could barely be distinguished in the distance.

On getting nearer to it, its character became somewhat altered; the square box-like form appeared less regular, and it was then perceived that the parallelopipedon was not perfect. Slight ledges could be traced traversing the face of its cliffs, and here and there the rectangular lines were broken to the eye. Nature, after all, had not been so exact in her architecture. Yet, with every deduction, it was a singular structure to look upon, not the less so that its summit was inaccessible to human foot. A precipice fifty yards sheer, fronted outward on all sides; no one had ever scaled this precipice—so alleged my companions, who were well acquainted with the locality.

We had approached within less than a mile of its base; our conversation had dropped—at least so far as I was concerned; my thoughts were occupied with the mound, and my eyes wandered over its outlines. I was endeavoring to make out the character of the vegetation which seemed to flourish luxuriantly on its summit. The dark foliage was evidently that of some species of acicular trees, perhaps the common red cedar (*Juniperus Virginiana*,) but there were others of lighter hue—in all likelihood *pinons*, the pines with edible cones, peculiar to this region. I noticed, also, growing upon the very edge of the cliff, yuccas and aloes, whose radiating blades, stretching out, curved gracefully over the white rock. Forms of cactus, too, were apparent, and several plants of the great *pitahaya* rose high above the cliff, like gigantic candelabra, strange objects in such a situation.

My companions seemed to have no eyes for these rare vegetable beauties; I could hear them at intervals engaged in conversation; but the subject had no reference to the scene, and I paid little attention to what they were saying.

All at once I was startled by the voice of Garey, giving utterance to the emphatic announcement:

"Injuns, by ——!"

"Indians! where?"

The interrogation escaped my lips. It was half-involuntary, and needed no reply. Garey's glance guided me; and, following its direction, I observed a string of horsemen just debouching from behind the mesa, and spurring forward upon the plain.

Both my companions had drawn bridle, and halted. I followed their example; and all three of us sat in our saddles, scanning this sudden apparition of mounted men. A dozen had now cleared themselves from behind the mesa, and were riding towards us.

We were yet nearly a mile from them; and at that distance it is difficult to distinguish a white man from an Indian—I should rather say impossible. Even at half the distance, the oldest prairie-men are sometimes puzzled. The garments are often not very dissimilar, and sun bronze and dust confound the complexions. Although Garey, at first sight of them, had pronounced the horsemen to be Indians—the most probable supposition under the circumstances—it was but a rambling conjecture, and for some time we remained in doubt.

"If they're Injuns," suggested Garey, "they're Comanche."

"An if thur Kimanch," added Rube, with ominous emphasis, "we've got to fight. If thur Kimanch, thur on the war trail, an thur'll be mischief in 'em. Wagh! Look to yur flints an prinin!"

Rube's counsel was instantly followed. Necessity quickened our precautions. All of us well knew that, should the approaching horsemen turn out to be Comanches, we had no alternative but to fight.

This warlike nation occupies the whole western area of Texas, ranging from the Rio Grande on the south, to the Arkansas on the north. They are to-day, with their kindred tribes, the most powerful Indian alliance on the continent. They affect the ownership of all prairie-land, stylize themselves its "lords," though their sovereignty towards the north is successfully disputed by the Pawnees, Sioux, Blackfeet, and others as warlike as they. From the earliest times, they have been the *fiend* of the Texan settler; and a detailed account of their forays and pillaging expeditions would fill a score of volumes. But from these they have not gone back unscathed. The reprisals have outnumbered the assaults, and the rifle of the border-ranger has done its work of vengeance. In Mexico they have found less puissant defenders of the hearth and home: and upon the north-eastern provinces of that unhappy country, the Comanches have been for the last century in the habit of making an annual foray of war and plunder. In fact, this has been the better part of their subsistence, as they usually return from their rieving expeditions laden with spoil, and carrying with them vast droves of horses, mules, horned cattle, and *captive women*. For a short time, these dusky freebooters were at peace with the Anglo-American colonists of Texas. It was but a temporary armistice brought about by Houston; but Lamar's administration, of a less pacific character, succeeded, and the settlers were again embroiled with the Indians. War to the knife was declared and carried on; red and white killed each other on sight. When two men met upon the prairie, the color of the skin determined the relations between them! If they differed in this, they were enemies without parley, and to kill the other was the first thought of each. The *lex talionis* was the custom of the hour.

If the rancor could possibly have been augmented, an incident had just transpired, calculated to have that effect. A band of Comanche warriors had offered their services to the commander-in-chief of the American army! They held the following language:

"Let us fight on your side. We have no quarrel with you. You are warriors; we know and respect you. We fight against the cowardly Mexicans, who robbed us of our country. We fight for Moctezuma!"

These words, uttered along the whole southern frontier of Mexico, are full of strange import.

The American commander prudently declined the Comanche alliance; and the result was a bitter *triangular* war in which, as already noticed, we were now engaged.

If, then, the approaching horsemen were Comanches of the Comanche tribe, Rube's forecast was correct; we had "got to fight."

With this understanding we lost no time in putting ourselves in an attitude of defence. Hastily dismounting, and sheltering our bodies behind those of our horses, we awaited the approach of the band.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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"And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth, if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And grasping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers."—*Lowell.*

☞ If there's a virtue in the world at we should always aim, it is cheerfulness. *wer.*

☞ "Matrimony," said a modern the other day, "produces remarkable results. Here am I, for instance, ten months changed from a sighing lover to a sire."

☞ A friend that you buy with presents be bought from you.

☞ There is something like enchantment the very sound of the word *youth*, and the ca heart, at every season of life, beats in time to it.—*Landor.*

☞ Thou art in the end what thou art, on wigs with millions of curls, set thy foot all-high rocks. Thou abidest ever—what art.—*Goethe.*

☞ Promises are blossoms; deeds are ☞ "To tell a falsehood is like the cu sabre; for though the wound may heal, t of it will remain."

☞ We ought not to be over-anxious courage innovation in cases of doubtful im ment, for an old system must ever have tw vantages over a new one; it is established is understood.—*Colton.*

☞ Sick Cows in London.—The Lancet us that an epidemic rages among the c London. A non-medical opinion inclines t sider the disease the dropsy, contracted cows from an immoderate use of the pump.

☞ I have found, by experience, tha who have spent all their lives in cities, sh not only an effeminacy of habit, but of th —*Goldsmith.*

☞ Is the "three day's grace paper," in any way connected w Graces?

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

**TERMS.**

The subscription price of the POST is $2 a year *in advance*—carried in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

The POST is believed to have a larger country circulation than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

The POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of the POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer. Owing, however, to the great and increasing demand for the Paper, those wishing back numbers had better apply as early as possible, our rule being "First come, first served."

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.


## PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:—

WILLIAM HOWITT, (of England,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS. M. A. DENISON, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the following novelet, which WILL BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

### THE WAR TRAIL;
### A Romance of the War with Mexico,
BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

In the course of a few weeks, we design commencing one of the following—ALL OF WHICH WILL ALSO BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY AS THEY ARE PUBLISHED, WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

### LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.
An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

### FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.
Written for the Post, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

### CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD;
### A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.
An Original Novelet, written for the Post by Mrs. MARY A. DENISON, Author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

### THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.
### A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS.
By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

In addition to the above list of contributions we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

D. H. W. We think there is a fund, in the hands of somebody, left by Dr. Franklin to be loaned to young men without means, but cannot give our correspondent any information in regard to it. It probably would be about as difficult to borrow any of that fund, as to save an equal amount out of your earnings. The best mode "to obtain money to commence business with," is to engage in some subordinate capacity, and save half of every week's wages. By industry, close attention to business, and always being ready cheerfully to do whatever is required of you—especially if it is "out your work"—you probably will find an opening before many years. Capitalists are always on the look out for integrity and good business capacity, and are as anxious to procure men possessing these qualities for agents and even partners, as the latter are to obtain the aid of capital.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED. "E. H. K." "Costumes of Olden Time;" "To ——;" "To Mrs. D. B.;" "My Father."

E. A. H. Respectfully declined.

H. P. Ashland. The proper word is upward—not upwards. It means "more than."

### TO THOSE IN ARREARS.

We have a large number of old subscribers, who are not quite so careful as they ought to be in remitting their yearly subscriptions.

If we stop the papers of such, they feel offended—thinking it rather a scurvy mode of treating such old friends.

And yet a newspaper, now-a-days, cannot be carried on well without the ready money—all the expenses of clerk-hire, type-setting, printing, &c., having to be paid *weekly*, while the paper bills *should* always be paid at least monthly.

If any of our old friends, now in arrears, fancies that he does not get in the Post the worth of his money, let him square up his account like a man, and stop the paper. While if he does think the Post is worth the paltry two dollars a year we demand for it, in the name of all that is fair and considerate, let him remember that "many a little makes a mickle," and send on his two dollars *regularly in advance*.

### THE PYRAMIDS.

It is our fashion to flout at the ancients, and to boast that we have originated all the greatest ideas and the most useful inventions. One can hardly take up a newspaper or a book that touches the subject, which does not roundly assert in sesquipedalian sentence and Buckum phrase, the entire superiority of this age over the antique ages. Occasionally some thoughtful person ventures to say that the great grandfathers of the race were not such unanimous fools and ignoramuses as our self-sufficient sages pompously proclaim them to have been. Whereupon Bombastes Furioso, who, having somewhat tamed his temper, and moderated his heroics, has gone into the editorial business, starts in his sanctum, dips a supercilious and scornful pen into the editorial ink-pot, and attacks the absurdity with a demolishing leader in which the most noticeable point is the immense and usual reference to the steam-engine. "Talk of the ancients!" exclaims the good Bombastes—"talk of their greatness! Why, what did they know? What were their inventions? Did they have the steam-engine? Steam-engine! Why the difference between their knowledge of the power of steam and ours is the difference between the tea-kettle and the locomotive!" This brilliant gibe being considered conclusive, and the ancients' case having thus suffered collapse, the good Bombastes subsides satisfied, and the leader is ended. Yet when all this is said, all is not said,—if the good Bombastes could but know it. Modern explorations into the past still continue, and year by year scholars find that the ancients knew more than we had supposed. Perhaps under those submerged ruins of old civilizations we may find relics or records of engines to which our mightiest locomotives are but toys. But whether we find them or not, the wisdom and knowledge of the men of old can be established beyond dispute, on other and truer grounds. We shall never degrade them by proving, even if we could prove, that they had not our splendid implements and appliances. What they did, we partly know, and their claim to respect does not rest on the manner in which they did it. If the results produced were great (as they were,) we need not pause to inquire by what means those results were produced, in order to decide whether the producers are entitled to honor. It is enough that the Parthenon was built and built gloriously; the fact that a steam-engine was or was not employed in raising its ponderous blocks of marble, is of very little consequence one way or the other.

It is so common to hear all the methods of reasoning, and the usual philosophies, turned topsy-turvy when the ancients are in question, that we were hardly surprised to read recently in the works of an author of undoubted erudition and intellect, that once "constructive art could build nothing better than the Pyramids—foolishly sublime." Why those stupendous monuments of Egyptian genius should be accounted "foolishly sublime" we are at a loss to discover. Even if they had been erected for no utilitarian purpose, still "beauty is its own excuse for being," and all works of art, from the fountains in the parks to the Cathedral of Milan, are valuable and useful as agents in the development of our natures. We suppose all men are better and wiser for every fair and graceful shape that meets their eyes, and every beautiful thing has power to influence and elevate the human mind by an insensible and gracious process, as sure and subtle in its effects as the chemistry of the scented summer air. Pork and cornmeal are not the only valuable things in this world; roses and statues are also valuable, good utilitarians!

Putting aside, however, the esthetics of the matter, and considering the Pyramids in mere point of utility, they are not only respectable, but instructive. Even we, who certainly are "the heirs of all the ages," and are fond of assuming that we stand in "the foremost files of Time," might, "an if we would," gather some possibly valuable hints with reference to our custom of interments, from even the Egyptians. True, we are accustomed to consider them somewhat barbarous, fantastic, ignorant, and the best works of their hands "foolishly sublime." Yet it would be well to pause a little, sometimes, in the midst of our self-thankings and self-admirings, and inquire whether they had not some "method in their madness,"—whether they had not a keen sense of the utilities, and a ready wit to devise great means to the accomplishment of great ends.

Sixty pyramids, some fallen to ruins, some in perfect preservation, are still to be seen on the banks of the Nile. There were more, but some of them have crumbled into dust, and the remainder are covered by the drifted desert sands. Certain scholars and theorists of the last half-century, who thought and wrote at a time when the testimony of the ancient historian, Herodotus, was discredited, debated and differed much with regard to the purpose for which the Pyramids were erected. Herodotus having asserted some strange and marvellous things in his history, which the quidnuncs could not believe (their gullets being entirely unequal to the reception of gnats on account of the frequency with which they swallowed camels!) was at this time popularly nicknamed the Father of Lies. Subsequent investigation and discovery having confirmed many of the old historian's discredited statements, and his rightful and truthful title of the Father of History having been restored to him, it may be as well to believe him without debate when he says that the Pyramids were erected simply as burial places for the dead. The statements and conjectures of ancient writers and modern theorists, are worth nothing against the simple assertion of Herodotus, who spoke from knowledge, and whose veracity on this, as on every point, is confirmed by all recent investigation.

They were, then, the tombs of the Egyptian dead. We are accustomed to consider our own devices and inventions as unequalled in fitness and felicity, and think they prove we are at the acme of enlightenment. Let us see how we stand in this matter of the disposition of deceased persons, in comparison with these old Egyptians. Our best device in this respect is the cemetery—Laurel Hill, Greenwood, Mount Auburn, and the others for example. Contrast them artistically with the Pyramids. What is sacred and august in our burial-places is derived from the memories, the associations and the hopes which the soul attaches to the spot where rests the dust of its beloved. No ground however mean, no monument however homely, can be else than dear and consecrated to us when connected in remembrance with beings that were lovely and pleasant to us in life, and from whom in death we are not divided. The feelings that hallow our burial places will not therefore be disturbed by considerations which do not invade their sanctity. We wish to glance at this matter abstractly—simply as a matter of art and science. We say, then, that in our finest cemeteries what is artistically beautiful to the eye is only the grass, the flowers, the trees that are always beautiful everywhere. The gravestones, the tombs, the monuments cannot be so considered. They are not only homely in their shape and color—rigid in the first respect, ghastly in the second—but they are incongruous. They do not assimilate or harmonize with the shapes or colors of the natural scene. Contrasted with the beautiful, gigantic tombs of the Egyptian, how immeasurably inferior they are! For the art that built the pyramids is at peace with nature, and they belong to the earth and sky. There, in the illimitable desert, by the ancient Nile, vast shapes of stupendous beauty and enormous grandeur, they stand, the monumental sepulchres of a nation's centuries of mortal life—awful as symbols of mortality made palpable and ever-present to the mind—their beauty lending beauty to the idea of the last repose—their sacred sublimity exalting the thought of death—their dusky mystery in unison with those vague, vast sands, the murmurous and lulling flow of that ancient river, the peace of that soft sunshine, the rest of that calm and halcyon air. It was not happy accident but holy art that taught the architect of the Pyramids to make the very form and size of those sepulchres expressive of the metaphysical idea of the august dignity of death. Nothing but high and cultivated genius could have so adapted the site to the structures, and built the latter in such harmony as to make them seem not excrescences on the landscape, but a part of it. Artistically considered, our most beautiful cemetery is as nothing in comparison with those solemn and sumptuous sepulchres of a nation and its kings.

But the pyramids are based on scientific reason as well as on beauty. We have our graveyards frequently in the very centre of our towns and cities. Of course, it is not only incongruous and profane to have the graves of the dead in the midst of the roar of trade and streets, but it is seriously objectionable on sanitary grounds, as every physician knows. The miasmas of the tomb cannot but be injurious to the health of the living. In our own experience, we have known neighborhoods in cities and in towns, rendered terribly offensive, as well as unhealthy, by the fumes of an over-crowded cemetery. The Egyptians, whose pyramids we are told are only "foolishly sublime," never blundered in this way. Their finer sense removed the habitation of the dead to a sacred distance from the abode of the living, and not only for decent and religious reasons, but for scientific and sanitary reasons as well. For the same reasons, they embalmed and hermetically enclosed the bodies of the dead, making the assurance of the public health which they derived from the distance between their homes and those majestic sepulchres, doubly sure, by preventing the noxiousness of bodily decomposition. Our refined dead are simply placed in the ground or in the tomb, and the effluvia of their decay renders the air of the cemetery unwholesome in a greater or less degree. The Egyptians filled their corpses with spices, and swathed them in fragrant bandages; even the poorest classes of the dead were prepared for entombment with resinous gums and naphthas; the consequence was, that the bodies underwent a change, but not a fœtid decomposition; the most carefully embalmed became mummies, the least carefully, mummy dust, fragrant and innoxious; while the hermetically sealed coffins prevented even any odor from escaping until they themselves had yielded to the action of centuries. No effluvia from the Egyptian dead disturbed the health of the living.

Are we, after all, so much cleverer than the people who lived when the world was younger? When we examine, we find that the things they did, which often seem either useless or fantastic to us, were prompted by the soundest and sagest of reasons. Really it is a serious question whether the world of to-day is wiser than the world of four or five thousand years ago. In ancient times, there were the Alps and the Alleghanies, as large as they are now. Earth has not produced any new and larger Alps and Alleghanies. There are, however, some new hills—pert little fellows that are continually boasting of their size, and reflecting how much bigger they are than the mountains. Will the good Bombastes make the application?

### A SUBSTITUTE FOR CHLOROFORM.

The English papers mention a new compound called Amylene, which bids fair to come into use as a substitute for the always disagreeable ether and the oftentimes dangerous chloroform. It was discovered fifteen years ago by Mr. Cahours, a French chemist, and has lately become the subject of certain experiments by an English physician, Dr. Snow, who has administered it with great success in sixty-nine cases. It appears to have important advantages over either chloroform or ether. It can be inhaled without producing the stifling or choking sensations which those compounds cause; it effects an equal insensibility with a less profound stupor; it evaporates from the system very rapidly, thus enabling the patient to recover from its influence more quickly; its inhalation does not cause the struggling or rigidity so common under the operation of the usual anesthetic agents, and it rarely produces any sickness. Only two cases of sickness, both very slight, are reported by Dr. Snow among the sixty-nine in which he administered the amylene. There is good reason to suppose that it will supersede both chloroform and ether in surgical practice, before long.

It seems probable that a complete and satisfactory victory over the pain that attends surgical operations will be achieved one of these days. It would be better, of course, if the necessity for discovering anesthetic agents did not exist; but as long as it does, it seems best that science should fumble in her magic bag, till she finds the right drug. The chloroform and ether are pretty well, but not just what is needed. They sicken some people, and are dangerous to the life of others. Doubtless, something can be found, that will trance patients in oblivious repose, till the doctors and dentists have finished operating on them, and then pass off, and leave no nausea behind. Who knows but what an agent may be found, that will not merely produce insensibility, but put us into a condition, in which any operation will cause us the most poignant pleasure! In that delicious day we shall behold the apotheosis of the forceps and the bistoury; our teeth will be extracted with ecstasy, and our limbs laid open with rapture!

Meanwhile, banter aside, we progress slowly. The opposition which mankind naturally makes to invention, and the human tendency to conservatism, are as strongly seen among men of science, as among other men. It is now upwards of half a century since Sir H. Davy announced the probability of the success of certain vapors or gases as nullifiers of pain in surgical cases. And it is curious to notice, that even Davy repeated his announcement, in lecture after lecture, for more than forty years, if we remember rightly, and never said, "It is *certain* that the gas mentioned may be used to advantage, in suspending pain in surgical operations"—but always "It may *probably* be used, etc!" One would imagine that so eminent a scientifician as Davy would see the importance of the conjectured or ascertained probability sufficiently to induce him to verify it by experiment. But the innate indisposition to invent or discover, seems to have been as strong in him as it has been and is, in other men, great and little; for if he ever went further than to assert the mere probability of anything being used successfully as an anesthetic agent, we never heard of it. A friend told us several years ago that his father, who was a respectable country physician, had been in the habit of using sulphuric ether in his practice, in order to produce insensibility to pain, and had never made any secret of it himself, or supposed that it was unknown to his brothers in the profession. This was upwards of thirty years ago. We remember his amused air when the Morton and Jackson controversy was going on, and he saw a puzzled public endeavoring to decide which of those eminent gentlemen was the original discoverer of what his deceased father had known and practiced many years before! The puzzled public, however, after having settled into a conviction that Dr. Morton was the man, was also disposed to settle into a conviction that the ether was a dangerous and even devilish agency. The anti-invention struck out so strongly as to find Scripture authority against the use of ether; and a year or two afterwards in England when chloric-ether, or chloroform, was discovered, and brought into general use as an agent in cases of child-birth, there was a general trickle of articles in the English newspapers, and a general sprinkle of pamphlets from the English press, strenuously asserting that the use of chloric-ether was in direct contravention of a Providential decree, and quoting the text, "in sorrow shalt thou bring forth children," as a direct scriptural proof of the will of Providence on that subject, and, of course, as an equally direct prohibition of the employment of chloroform! To such complexion did things come at last! Fortunately, a witty physician came to the rescue with a pamphlet, in which he managed to silence and stultify the Scripture-quoting routine-lovers, not only by much sound and weighty argument, but by showing that Deity had performed the first surgical operation, with the help of an anesthetic agent, citing for this purpose the text in Genesis, in which it is recorded that the Lord "caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, and took one of his ribs, and closed up the flesh instead thereof!" Ludicrous as this may seem, and pitiable as it is to think that a medical man should have been forced to employ such an argument to advance a scientific interest, and persuade people to accept a benefit—the citation of the case of Adam proved effectual, the most violent opposition was silenced, and gradually chloric-ether was very generally adopted in hospital practice in England, as it has been in this country. Saving an occasional spurt of defiant protest, or a little evanescent panic, its popular use in surgical operations meets with little interruption. Anesthetics are in favor, and the times are ripe for amylene.

THE BOX FILLED WITH COPPER BALLS AND WATER.—A friend gives us the following solution of the rather puzzling Arithmetical Question in our paper of May 2, relative to the box, filled with copper balls and water. He makes it that the box will hold 140.912 gallons of water, weighing 1167.911 lbs. That the weight of the copper balls will be 3,967.079 lbs. And that of course the whole contents of the box will weigh 5,134.99 lbs. Receiving this answer too late to be inserted in its proper place, we insert it here.

## New Publications.

IRVING'S SKETCH-BOOK. TALES OF A TRAVELLER. SALMAGUNDI. G. P. Putnam, New York. For sale by W. H. Zieber, Philadelphia.

Three volumes of Irving's works, nicely bound and printed, low priced, and especially got up for railway reading. We need not say that the purest pleasure may always be found in Irving's mellow and tranquil pages. Salmagundi, the greater part of which was written by him, is now, perhaps, less read than when it appeared, fifty years ago, in weekly instalments, and set the country in a general titter. It is highly interesting now, for its numerous suggestions and pictures of the society it satirises with such brilliant and often bitter wit. The brilliancy, however, was Irving's—the bitterness dropped from other pens.

THE BRITISH POETS. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. For sale by E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia.

Four volumes of Messrs. Little, Brown & Co.'s admirable edition of the British Poets, including nearly all the ancient English and Scottish ballads, and a liberal selection of those of later date. All the genuine relics of the old minstrelsy are given, with a sufficient glossary and notations. The compilation is extremely valuable to the student of popular fiction, and is edited with remarkable fidelity and skill. We know of no reading more delightful than these old ballads, so replete with romantic interest, and mirroring so vividly the tastes and habitudes, the manners and customs, of the antique times.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CHRISTO. By ALEXANDER DUMAS. T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

A cheap edition of this splendid and wonderful romance, so well known to the reading public.

ROUTLEDGE'S SHAKSPEARE, (for sale by T. B. Peterson, Philada.,) is the name of a beautiful English edition, carefully edited, with copious annotations, printed in clear type, and profusely illustrated by John Gilbert, one of the first, perhaps the best, of the English artists of the present day.

SANDERS' SCHOOL SPEAKER: A comprehensive Course of Instruction in the Principles of Oratory, with numerous Exercises for Practice in Declamation. By Charles W. Sanders, A. M. Ivison & Phinney. Yew York. For sale by J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia.

RANDOM SKETCHES; OR, WHAT I SAW IN EUROPE. By F. De B. Richards. With Photographic Illustrations, by the author. G. Collins, Philada.

REPORT OF THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE COAST SURVEY—SHOWING THE PROGRESS OF THE SURVEY DURING THE YEAR 1855. Cornelius Wendell, Washington.

☞ He that has a good book in his hand, but not a lesson of it at his heart, or life, is like an ass that carrieth a burden of wheat, but feeds upon the thistles.

☞ CHANGING RELIGION.—His opinions on religion varied also considerably, until at last the vane almost wore out the socket, and it could turn no longer.—*Bishop Parker.*

☞ POLITENESS.—Politeness is not always a sign of wisdom; but the want of it always leaves room for a suspicion of folly, if folly and imprudence are the same.—*Pericles.*

☞ The young lady who burst into tears, has been put together again.

☞ When you raise money by getting a note "shaved," do you consider yourself the raiser (razor)?

☞ FRIENDSHIP.—The sigh that rises at the thought of a friend, may be almost as genial as his voice. 'Tis a breath that seems rather to come from him than from ourselves.—*Milton.*

☞ TO OBLIGING ORGAN MAN.—Mary.—Oh! if you please, the young ladies want you to play a polka.

Organ Man.—Ah, miss! mine is a serious organ; but I shall play a psalm quick, if you shall like.

☞ A NOVEL PUNISHMENT.—In the middle ages, in France, a person convicted of being a calumniator was condemned to place himself on all fours, and bark like a dog for a quarter of an hour. If this custom were adopted at the present day, there would be some bow-wow-ing.

☞ There is a man in Cincinnati in possession of a powerful memory. He is employed by the Humane Society to "remember the poor."

### AN UNPLEASANT WEDDING TRIP.

The Roman correspondent of the London Daily News relates an unpleasant adventure of a Milanese lady and gentleman, who had just arrived from Lombardy, via Bologna and Florence. He says: "On my inquiry whether any rumor of brigandage still prevailed in the northern provinces, they informed me that they themselves had undergone convincing proofs of the presence of marauders in those districts, notwithstanding the supposed extirpation of the last remaining band of outlaws. On the 22d ult., between Modena and Bologna, the diligence in which they were travelling was stopped about seven o'clock in the evening, at the distance of only half a mile from Bologna, by seven bandits, whose first care was to cut the traces, and prevent the further progress of the vehicle. The passengers, half asleep, were aroused by the cry of *Abasso i forestieri*, the doors of the diligence were opened, and the Milanese lady and her husband, who, with another passenger not of wealthy condition, were the sole inmates, were made to alight, and ordered to give up their money, watches, and ornaments without delay. These commands being complied with, their travelling bags were next examined in search of valuables, but the brigands, in their haste, overlooked a gold bracelet belonging to the lady, nor did they proceed to take down the luggage from the roof of the carriage, among which they would have found a case of valuable Geneva watches. The conductor had to sustain their wrathful objurgation on account of being three-quarters of an hour behind his proper time, a delay of which the brigands complained in most forcible language, as well as of the poverty of the strong box, hinting that they might not be so indulgent another time if things were not more *en regle*. I inquired of the young bride whether she had to endure any rudeness at the hands of her assailants, but she assured me that they were, on the contrary, "*graziotissimi*," and even promised to restore her the wedding-ring which she had drawn off her finger in her hurry and fright, and had given them, together with her other rings. In the haste of their departure, however, they forgot this delicate attention, and went off unceremoniously, leaving their victims (the lady and her husband lost about three hundred *lire*) in the unpleasant predicament of utter darkness, mangled harness, snow upon the ground, and more snow fast falling from the clouds. After an useless application and demand for oxen at a neighboring cottage, whose inmates were either afraid of the brigands or in league with them, assistance was obtained from some distance, and the conductor and postillion, aided by a countryman, with cords soon put the diligence into condition to reach Bologna. There a report was made of the affair, and the police set actively to work, and they succeeded in arresting a number of individuals supposed to belong to the band; but although the travellers stayed in Bologna five days making their depositions, confronting the brigands (the lady perfectly recognized the individual who received her money and rings,) and expecting the restitution of their property, they had to set out for Florence at last with no other satisfaction than the confirmation of the hackneied proverb, that it is "ill getting butter out of a dog's throat."

SINGULAR ANECDOTE OF FREDRIKA BREMER.—Of Fredrika Bremer, the Swedish authoress, the following somewhat doubtful story is going the rounds:—"I was once on a summer's day, walking with this lady, in a country part where the winds sweep over the beautiful hills at all seasons. A Southern breeze I call it—she said, 'a gale was blowing.' It disturbed and irritated her, and when I chanced to remark that through life nature had been a source of the greatest enjoyment to me, 'It is not so with me,' she said, 'I have been always harassed, angered with the disturbances in animated nature, with the warring and suffering and destruction there.' 'But,' said I, 'naturalists tell us that animals of prey inflict only inevitable pain—that they extinguish life with the least possible suffering.' She stopped short. '*It's a lie!*' she said, '*a damned lie!*' And then, laughing at her own vehement expression, (and it was in ludicrous contrast with the soft and pathetic voice that uttered it) she added, 'You must excuse me; I am a Scandinavian, and and I must *swear* when I am incensed!'"

☞ It has become the practice of late for Englishmen desirous of marrying deceased wife's sisters to flee to Denmark, and there tie the hymeneal bond. But the sanitary police-law of Denmark will have it that a certificate of vaccination shall be the inevitable prelude to the marriage ceremony; and if the expatriated lovers do not bring each a certificate of that kind they must be vaccinated on the spot!

☞ A travelling English Marquis, in his course of the grand tour of Europe, arrived at Berlin, weary of lionizing. When he went to rest at the close of his first day's residence, he exclaimed:—"Thank Heaven, I have come to a place where there is nothing worth seeing!"

☞ THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This capital weekly is at present in a most flourishing condition. It is always filled with interesting and exciting stories, amusing anecdotes, and other excellent miscellaneous matter. We advise all of our readers who want a first-rate weekly paper, to subscribe to the Post. It has no superior anywhere.—*Philadelphia Evening Journal.*

☞ Glory to the man who rather bears a grief corroding his breast than permits it to prowl beyond, and to prey on the tender and compassionate! Women commiserate the brave, and men the beautiful.—*Æsop.*

☞ Plenty of warmth, plenty of substantial food, and ripe fruits, plenty of sleep, and plenty of joyous out-door exercise, would save millions of children annually.

☞ The local editor of an exchange publishes a punning "market report," in which he states "tin plates are flat, lead heavy, iron dull, champagne is brisk, rhubarb and senna are drugs, starch is stiffening, and paper is stationary. There is no life in dead hogs, but considerable animation in old cheese."

☞ The Louisville (Kentucky) Journal says: In the Catholic Church at Lafayette, Ind., on Easter Sunday, ten couples were married, and each of the brides was named "Hannah." A cockney would call this a Hannah-mated scene.

☞ There is an old saw which says that "content is the true philosopher's stone." Brown says "it's very likely—for nobody has ever found either one or the other.

☞ When Jacob Behmen was on his death-bed, his disciples gathered round in order to ask him the meaning of certain passages of his writings which were obscure, before he died. After he had considered awhile, he replied: "Well, my children, *I believe God and I both know the meaning once. For any thing I know, God may remember yet, but I have forgotten.*"

### PROVINCIALISMS.

THE COCKNEY DIALECT.

The London or Cockney dialect prevails extensively in the United States, especially in our commercial cities. We have even that most offensive peculiarity, the interchange of the *w* and *v*; as, "Miss *Vilkins* often *valks* on the Battery." They eat *winegar* on their *veal*" (veal.) The following dialogue is said to have passed between a citizen and his servant:

"Villiam, I vants my vig."

"Vitch vig, sir?"

"Vy, the vite vig in the vooden vig-box vitch I vore last Vensday to the veatry."

"Heggs hare scarce, but I 'ave some wery fine ones hat 'ome."

*Scrimadge* for *skirmish*, and *to scrowdge* for *to crowd*, are sometimes heard in New York; also *obstropolous* for *obstreperous*; and *margent*, *sermont*, and *vermint*, for *margin*, *sermon*, and *vermin*.

The cockney adds the sound of *t* to a great many words in which it is not properly found; as *clost* and *closter*, for *close* and *closer*; *winst* for *since*, and *wonst* for *once*.

He sometimes makes an unnecessary syllable; as, *beast-es* for *beasts*, and *post-es* for *posts*; places the accent on the wrong syllable; as, *char-ac-ter* for *char-acter*, and *con-tra-ry* for *con-tra-ry*; confounds words of similar sound or form; using *successfully* for *successively*, *contagious* for *contiguous*, *argufy* for *signify*, *conquest* for *concourse*, *refuge* for *refuse*, *aggravate* for *irritate*, etc.

They also say, "I *don't* know *nothing* about it," after the form of the French, "*Je ne sais pas.*"

There is, Parry Gwynne says, a vicious mode of amalgamating the final *s* of a word (and sometimes the final *e*, when preceded and followed by a vowel) with the first letter of the next word, if that letter happen to be a *y*, in such a manner as to produce the sound of *sh* or of *zu* in *usual*; as "A *nishe* young man." "What *makesh* you laugh?" "If he *offendsh* you, don't speak to him," "*Ash* you please," "Not *jush* yet," "We always *pash* your house in going to call on *Mish* Yates—she lives near *Palush* Yard," and so on through all the possibilities of such a combination. This is decided, unmitigated cockneyism, having its parallel in nothing, except the broken English of the sons of Abraham; and to adopt it in conversation is certainly "not speaking like a Christian."

THE YANKEE DIALECT.

The Yankee *allots* or *lots* upon some pleasure or profit which he *calculates* is in store for him; *carries on full chisel*; has great *goings on to hum* sometimes; *fixes up* and gets *mad* [angry,] and is *ugly* [bad tempered;] has *pretty considerable spunk*; is *plaguy cute* in making *curious notions*; and is generally *clever* [obliging,] *smart*, *spry*, and *tight*, [close in pecuniary matters.] He readily *gets the hang of things*, and the way he goes *ahead* is a *caution*, *anyhow you can fix it*; *there's no two ways about it.*

He says *I guess* when he means *I think*; uses the word *awful* in the sense of *ugly and very great*; *ary* for *either*; *back* and *forth* for *back* and *forward*; *blows up* his *help* instead of scolding them; *swaps* jack-knives and horses; is seldom *green* enough to *get into a fix*; generally *goes the whole figure*, and *holds on* "till the *cows come home*;" but occasionally his enterprises *fizzle out*, and he is obliged to *fork over* the *dimes* and *back out*, or be *smashed up.*

He *puts up handy* houses and *raises likely* boys and *pooty* girls, some of whom *knocw how* to milk a *cow* [know how to milk a cow.]

THE NEW YORK DIALECT.

The New Yorker *dickers* [barters] with the people of all countries, and receives the *words* as well as the *wares* of all nations.

He takes great pleasure *into* processions and shows; patronizes *humbugs*, and while he *pulls the wool over his neighbor's eyes*, begs you not to *let on* [mention it.]

He does not talk *like* the Yankee does, but sometimes mutilates the English language *the worst kind*, sayin' shillin' or shil'n', comin', goin', readin', writin', etc.; and when he has nothing more to say *dries up* [becomes silent.]

When at *loggerheads* with his neighbor, he sometimes *breaks down*, *caves in*, or *flunks out*, and fails in business, or becomes bankrupt, by *bursting up.*

He persists in calling an *omnibus* a *stage*; thinks Boston "notions" not *much worth*, and when he accidentally jostles you, says apologetically, "I did not *go for* to do it," [*intend* to do it.]

The New Yorker is emphatically a *fast* man, and when a *boy* likes to run with the *masheens*, [machine, that is, fire-engine,] and don't mind getting his clothes *mussed*, or getting into a *muss* himself.

THE WESTERN DIALECT.

The Western man *pulls up stakes*, and emigrates to new *diggings*; *blazes* trees [marks them] to indicate the *trail*; *squats* on the public lands; *takes up a quarter section*; soon makes a *clearing* by *deadening* [girdling] the trees; and *grows breadstuffs.*

He likes to go to *log rollings*, and to listen to *stump speeches*, and in extreme cases, advocates *Lynch law.*

He will call you *stranger*, and at the same time very familiarly ask, "What *might* your name *be?*" and "Where do you *hail from?*"

The true Western man knows the value of *bottom lands*, and is always ready to sell out his *betterments* [improvements] and *make tracks* for a new *location.*

He considers himself *smart*; but some things are *above his head*, and in spite of his *grit*, he *flunks out* [retires.]

He is no more *green* than the Yankee, though he lives in the *back-woods*, but sometimes, like his dog, *barks up the wrong tree.*

THE SOUTHERN DIALECT.

The Southerner does nothing *like* the Yankee or the New Yorker does, but says, with the latter, that he will take the *balance*, when he means the *remainder*, and uses *will* in the place of *shall*, and *shall* in the place of *will*, like the Frenchman who fell into the Thames.

He *makes* a powerful *crop* of corn, and a *right smart chance* [a large quantity] of potatoes and cabbages, and reckons that there is a *heap* of *'possums* among the *'simmon* [persimmon] trees near the *branch* [brook.]

*Do don't*, for *do not*; *sun up*, for *sunrise*, [and why not sun up as well as sun *down?*] *lote* for *carry*; *plunder*, for *luggage*; *rock*, for *alone*; *done gone*, for *ruined*; and *used to could*, for *could formerly*, are current vulgarisms in some portions of the South.

Some Southerners give the sound of *ai* in *fair* to *ea* in such words as *appear*, and pronounce *fear* so as to rhyme with *air*. They also call *card*, *keard* [*keahrd*,] and *ear*, *kear*.—*How to Talk.*

## A GHOSTLY INCIDENT.

I do not pretend to explain in any way the circumstance I am about to relate, but leave it to the good pleasure of my readers to do so according to their own fancy. Of course I have my own private opinion on the subject, which I am at liberty to keep to myself, or divulge, as I think proper.

At the time when the adventure which I am now about to speak of occurred, I was a student at Edinburgh, and not being overburdened with the riches of this world, contented myself with a very unfashionable lodging in the Old Town, in a queer old house full of nooks and odd corners, with strange devices carved in stone; about it fantastic heads peeped out of the cornices, and grinning satyrs, and diabolical figures of all sorts were introduced into every possible and impossible place. In my bedroom, however, was a piece of sculpture so different from the other oddities, that I often used to wonder whether the same imagination that had conceived all the horrors could have created such an opposite work.

Over the head of the bed, which stood in a small recess, hung a massive canopy of stone, beautifully carved all over with wreaths of fruit and flowers; this canopy was apparently supported by the figure of an angel, who appeared to be hovering over it with outstretched wings; in reality the whole affair was upheld and fixed to the wall by strong stanchions, very ingeniously concealed in the masonry. Here I devoted myself entirely to study; having nothing to depend upon in the wide world but my own exertions, I had determined, if possible, to distinguish myself in the career I had chosen.

One bright afternoon in October, after having been hard at work the whole day, I was interrupted by a visit from an old friend of my father's, who had always taken a kindly interest in me and my fortunes. He had been making a tour in the Highlands, and on his way home the idea had occurred to him to beat up my quarters, and carry the latest news of me to my friends.

I was delighted to see a face so strongly associated with all my home recollections, and I readily agreed to his proposal, that I should lay aside my books, and after a walk to Arthur's Seat, dine with him at his hotel in Prince's Street. We enjoyed a long chat over bygones, for my friend, though old enough to be my father, was as fresh-hearted as a boy, and entered into all my enthusiastic hopes and plans as heartily as I could have wished. At last our conversation turned upon an old schoolfellow of mine, and Mr. Hepburn (the name of my friend) related to me how he had suffered his too luxuriant imagination to overpower his reason, and had become such a slave to all sorts of superstitious fatalities and other absurdities, that once or twice he had been on the verge of losing his senses altogether.

As even from my childhood I had been an inveterate disbeliever in all the terrors of "bogie," and "old man," wherewith my nurses had endeavored to frighten me into good behaviour, so in my maturer years this rejection of anything partaking of the slightest superstition had become a rooted feeling in my mind. We conversed a short time on the extraordinary hallucinations to which persons of an excitable imagination are often subject; but our opinions on the matter being very similar, the subject was soon exchanged for another.

At an early hour we parted, and I set forth on my way back to my lodgings. It was a fine night, though dark, but the way was so familiar to me, that I walked on mechanically, with my mind fully occupied with the host of recollections the evening had recalled. I had already reached the Old Town, and had only two or three streets to traverse, when I suddenly became aware that I had been for sometime following a tall figure of a man, and it struck me as rather strange that our roads should be so exactly in the same direction. I quickened my pace, intending to come up to him, but in spite of all my efforts, the distance between us was still the same. I sauntered slowly, still with the same effect. I determined to turn down an alley, which made a short cut to my rooms; but I had no sooner arranged this in my own mind than the tall figure took the same direction. "Confound the fellow!" said I to myself, "what can he mean? I will pass him," and I almost broke into a run.

At the end of an alley was placed a lamp, and as the figure came into the full light of it I observed, to my utter astonishment, and, I must confess, to my great dismay also, that it was a complete fac-simile of myself—form, face, and dress, all was exact! I felt a cold chill pass through my veins, and seemed as though I was rooted to the spot; in the meantime my counterpart crossed the street, took a key—*my* key!—from his waistcoat pocket, quietly stalked in, closing the door upon him, and I fancied I could hear the steady tread of his footsteps on the stairs. Involuntarily I felt for my key—it was gone! although I could have sworn I had put it in my pocket when I left the house in the morning! What should I do? I felt an invincible repugnance to encounter my mysterious counterpart again, and an almost equal one to return and relate the affair to Mr. Hepburn.

After a moment's hesitation I decided on the latter alternative, and retraced my steps, in a strange bewilderment as to my own identity. On reaching the hotel, I merely said that, finding that I had not my key with me, and the people of the house being very quiet and orderly, I had preferred returning there for a bed to disturbing them, and thus escaped an explanation of the strange but true cause of my reappearance in Prince's street.

The following morning, however, I told my story to my friend, treating it as a freak of the imagination, and wondering at my own weakness and absurdity in allowing it to take such hold upon my mind; but in spite of all my efforts, I could not resist a latent feeling that this mysterious appearance had some meaning in it, and though I strove to crush the idea, it would still present itself.

I had to attend a lecture at the college, and was obliged to go to my rooms first for a book. Mr. Hepburn proposed to accompany me, and accordingly we set out together. On arriving at the house we found the door open, and running up stairs to fetch my book, I could not refrain from uttering a cry of horror at the sight which met my eye as soon as I entered my room. The stone canopy I have mentioned, had *fallen* upon the bed in such a manner, that, had any one been occupying it, he must inevitably have been crushed! Mr. Hepburn, who had followed us, stood silent a moment, and then, laying his hand upon my shoulder said, "Truly there is a Providence watching over us all, and His arm has been stretched out over you in a wonderful manner."

On making inquiries, it appeared that in the course of some alterations in the next house, the security of the iron stanchions had been disturbed. The noise of the fall had been heard very early in the morning by the servant, but supposing it to be the workmen next door, she had taken no notice of it.

I have only related the simple facts of the circumstances as they occurred to me; and they certainly wrought an effect on my character which I may humbly hope rendered me a better and more useful man. M. K.

## THE NORTHERN LADY TO HER SOUTHERN LOVER.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

A voice came out of the South,
Like a bird in the heart of June,
Breaking on diamond ledges of song
The golden billows of noon.

"I have drained from brim to lees
These nectared songs of thine,
Till I am flushed with the wine of love,
The blood of a life divine.

"My heart is a rosy flame,
A glory within me lies,
Like the smile of the sun in a sea of fire,
In the valleys of Paradise!

Like the spicy winds that blow
From the islands of the blest,
Like the stars that climb the golden glow
Of the royal-fronted West—

"Her voice and her eyes to me,
And her whispered soul, delight
Like the musical break of a summer sea
Away in the solemn night"

I sat in my latticed house,
In the kingdom of snow and rime,
And heard the clang of the icy mail
In the battle of winds sublime;

And under them, mellow and low,
And over them, wild and sweet,
The voice came out of the rosy South
And fell like a bird at my feet.

"Lo! my Beauty, I come,
Athirst for thy sweet embrace;
I pine for the light of unquenchable love
That shines in thine innocent face!"

I said, "Oh, wondrous voice!
Oh, soul of ethereal flame!
Beauty dwells in a house of state
And love in a starry name.

"And mine is a pallid face,
My heart is a broken lyre;
Go kneel at the shrine of a prouder fame
And worship, oh, soul of fire!"

Then over the rolling winds,
In the kingdom of snow and rime,
The voice came up with a grander swell
And a rhythm of thought sublime:

"My love is no branded slave,
Bound down to a type of clay,
But the terrible strength of the victor's arm
That keepeth the world at bay!"

I paced through my latticed house
With a sorrowful voice of moan—
"Oh, he is too noble and good for me,
I must stay in the shadow alone!"

I turned and grappled my fate—
Oh, desolate fate of mine!
I dare not tread on the fetterless love
That maketh my life divine!

Then over the hills of faith,
And under their arches old,
Sweet Hope flowed in and rose and throbbed
Like a billowy sea of gold!

And I sang, like the morning star,
To the spirit, who sang again,
Meshing the wings of the crystalline air
In the web of a sweet refrain.

"The valleys are sad with cold,
The meadows are white with frost,
The Northland woods are silence-crowned,
For the beauty of summer's lost.

"Come! come! come!
Though the seasons are wrapped in snows,
The meadows shall wave with the lilies of life,
And the desert shall blush like the rose

"Were I queen in a palace of ice,
And a frozen heart were mine,
The odorous balm of thy bridal-kiss
Would mellow my blood like wine!

"Come! come! come!
From the beautiful isles of the south,
And crown the snow of a northern brow
With the kiss of a ripe red mouth!

"An angel said in my sleep,
Unbarring the door of dreams—
Come up to the valleys of Paradise
And drink of immortal streams!

"But I turned from his clasping hand
And the flash of his starry crown;
I said—my love is a human love,
With the beauty of God o'er-blown!

"The winds blow out of the place
Like a river solemn and strong
Going down to a sorrowful sea
With a musical sob and song.

"Come! come! come!
These scintillant skies of ours
Shall blush with the blossom of perfect dawns
Like an Eden of summer-flowers!"

And the sweet voice sang—"I come
From the radiant climes afar,
Where the twilight beauty is paled away
By the wings of the evening star!"

The breath of heaven went by;
I felt his coming nigher!
And the awful void in the heart of night
Burst into a bloom of fire!

I leaned from my palace-snows—
"By the kiss of thy ripe young mouth
I have broken into the crimson core
Of the gorgeous-fronted south!"

My palace shook as it jarred
With the morning melodies,
The light swam in and drank the dark
In a flash of the dawning skies!

—*Louisville Journal.*

SPORTS AND RELAXATIONS.—We have read of certain sects which have denounced, indiscriminately, all sports and relaxations; because these, if allowed, will be carried to excess; and of others, which have prescribed by laws the plainest, coarsest dress, because ornament, if in any measure tolerated, would certainly grow up into extravagance and vanity. And is this degrading legislation never to end? Are men never to be trusted to themselves? Is it God's method to hem them in with precise prescriptions? Does Providence leave nothing to individual discretion? Does Providence withhold every privilege which may be abused? Does Christianity enjoin an exact, unvarying round of services, because reason and conscience, if allowed to judge of duty, will often be misguided by partiality and passion? How liberal, generous, confiding are Nature, Providence, and Christianity, in their dealings with men! And when will men learn to exercise towards one another the same liberal and confiding spirit?—*Channing.*

☞ Our hopes, though they never happen, yet are some kind of happiness; as trees, while they are growing, please in the prospect.—*Wycherly.*

## TWO LIFE-DRAMAS.

### THE FASCINATING CLERGYMAN.

An advertisement in the *London Daily News*, early in April, had the good fortune to attract the eye of *Mr. Punch*. The advertiser set forth that "PARENTS OR GUARDIANS, TROUBLED WITH THE CARE OF UNRULY CHILDREN, COULD NOT DO BETTER THAN OBTAIN THE ADVICE AND ASSISTANCE OF HIMSELF, A MARRIED CLERGYMAN, POSSESSED OF SINGULAR FASCINATING POWER OVER YOUNG PEOPLE BETWEEN THE AGES OF SIX AND TWENTY."

*Mr. Punch* has been thinking ever since about the curious interviews which this gentleman, should he be engaged by the parties he addresses, will have with the rising generation. A couple of these ideas have taken the form of *Imaginary Conversations*, and here they are:—

SCENE I.—*A Nursery.*

*The* MARRIED CLERGYMAN *is hastily inducted by* MAMMA, *who fears to remain a moment lest her resolution should give way.*

*Mamma. That's* the bad boy, sir, eight years old on the 11th of July, and—(*with marked attention, for her son's benefit*) I heartily hope you will bring him to a sense of his conduct. (*Exit.*

[MARRIED CLERGYMAN *smiles blandly, and locks the door, a proceeding which gives evident dissatisfaction to* YOUNG SULKY.

*Married Clergyman (taking a seat).* And what is your name, my boy?

*Young Sulky (after a pause).* JACK.

*Married Clergyman.* A very pretty name; and JACK, you ought to be very thankful to kind Providence and to your kind friends for giving you such a pretty name, when many little boys run about the street with scarcely a name to their backs. Can you read, JACK?

*Young Sulky (curtly).* Yes, but shan't.

*Married Clergyman.* Ah! Come here, JACK.

*Young Sulky.* Shan't.

*Married Clergyman.* Ah!

[*Smiles kindly, and produces a well-made birch-rod.*

*Young Sulky (angry and frightened).* I'll tell my Mar!

[YOUNG SULKY *rushes at the door, but the* MARRIED CLERGYMAN *dexterously intercepts him, and after a few preliminary arrangements, a howling follows, which* MAMMA *listening at the door, can scarcely misinterpret.*

*Married Clergyman (kindly).* JACK, my dear, get that book from the table, and bring it here.

(JACK *complies, and at the further demand of his friend, reads a page exceeding well.*

*Married Clergyman.* Very well, indeed, JACK. You read excellently, and are a very good boy, very good. I don't think I need come and hear you read again; but at any time that you would like to see me, you have only to be rude, or idle, or vulgar, and I will come with pleasure. Pick up those broken bits of birch, and put them in the fire, and then we will see MAMMA.

[*The* MARRIED CLERGYMAN *pockets the rod, and unlocks the door, having judiciously fumbled with the lock to give* MAMMA *time to retreat, and to be coming along the passage.*

*Married Clergyman.* My dear Madam, our young friend JOHN, quite appreciates our feelings towards him, and has promised me to show himself worthy your affection. He reads exceedingly well, and *there is my address*, which you can *ask him to read* whenever you see fit. No, no refreshment, thank you. Good-bye, my dear JOHN, and may you prosper. Look straight before you, but do not forget what is behind—that is true wisdom.

[*Exit, as* JACK *is taken to the maternal bosom.*

In singular contrast to the above is—

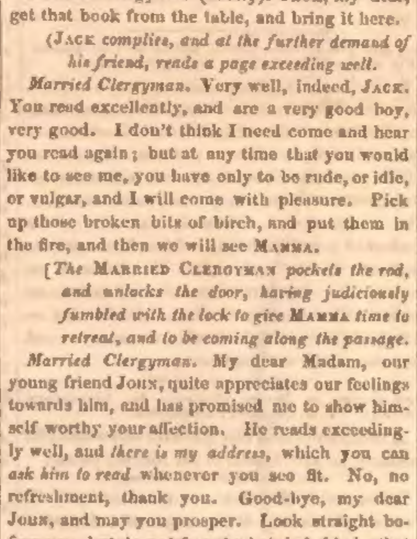
SCENE II.—*A Drawing-Room.*

*The* MARRIED CLERGYMAN *is introduced by an* AUNT *to a remarkably pretty girl of nineteen years of age.*

*Aunt.* This is MISS OBSTINATE, sir, and I only hope that you may be able to break down her wicked and unconverted nature, and show her what a miserable sinner she is. [*Exit.*

*Married Clergyman (laughing).* NOW, MARGARET, when are you going to meet him?

*Margaret (coloring up with great speed, and indignantly).* Meet who, sir?



*Married Clergyman.* Say whom, next time, it is better English, MADGE. When is it?

*Margaret.* I am sure I don't know what you mean, sir.

*Married Clergyman.* Pooh, pooh, MEGGUMA, don't get upon the stilts with me. (*Draws back his foot, under which, on taking his seat, he neatly concealed a note that had fallen from* MARGARET'S *pocket.*) Do you think I don't know all about it? (*Takes up note and reads.*) "—moon shone sweetly down upon your glittering curls, and you looked like a seraph in a fountain"—a profane blockhead!

*Margaret.* Oh, sir, you have got my note. Please give it me.

*Married Clergyman.* I want to show it to your Aunt, MEG.

*Margaret.* I'm sure you would not do such an unkind and ungentlemanly thing, sir. Pray, give it me.

*Married Clergyman.* If I do, will you listen to what I say, like a sensible girl?

*Margaret.* Yes, I will.

*Married Clergyman.* I'll trust you. There's the note. (*Gives it.*) But don't have anything more to say to the writer. He only wants your money.

*Margaret.* I am sure he does not. He is a gentleman to the heart.

*Married Clergyman.* Gentleman to the heart don't begin effulgence with an i, or leave out one f. He's a snob, I tell you.

*Margaret.* He's in the Artillery, sir.

*Married Clergyman.* All the Artillery spell. He's in the Artillery Company, perhaps, and an aristocratic-looking girl like you should as soon think of a beadle. You remind me, singularly, of my beautiful friend, the MARCHIONESS OF BLAXONBURY, only your hair is darker than hers. She, you know, was the belle of last season, and won the Marquis by her smile, in which you curiously resemble her.

*Margaret (looks in the glass).* I am too *petite*.

*Married Clergyman.* Exactly the height HER MAJESTY likes in her procesaes. She will not stand godmother to the baby of any one of a different height. Do you like balls?

*Margaret.* What should I answer to a clergyman?

*Married Clergyman.* The truth, my dear young lady.

*Margaret.* I adore them.

*Married Clergyman.* Don't say adore—the word is wrong, whatever the meaning may be—I can get you tickets for the Caledonian Ball next week—they tell me three or four young lords have wagered that they leave the ball-room engaged men that night—silly fellows—would your Aunt take you?

*Margaret.* Oh, she *shall*.

*Married Clergyman.* Be dutiful, dear. Well, but conditionally, mind. The tickets are given only to first class people—you mix yourself up with the Artillery Company, people who can't spell—if I promise tickets to the Caledonian, will you drop this person? Consider what an entanglement to be hampered with if, as is most likely, you make a sensation at the ball.

*Margaret.* There is no entanglement, sir.

*Married Clergyman.* Oh, yes—he sees you are an inexperienced girl or he would not have written that note, which, even as a Clergyman, I must call insulting.

*Margaret.* Do you really think so, sir?

[*The catastrophe is easily imagined, and when* AUNT *comes back to say lunch,* MARGARET *kisses her, and the* MARRIED CLERGYMAN *remarks*—

I trust, dear lady, that with the blessing of Providence, our darling MARGARITE will be a blessing to you. (*To* MARGARET.) The ticket shall be safe—give me that note.

[*He takes the note, and that night it is returned to the Artillery Companion with an intimation that kicking will follow the sending of another. So he does not send another.*

And thus two Unruly Children are quelled by the fascinations of the Married Clergyman.

## THE RED RIVER OF LIFE.

Physically, the human organism is an aggregation of solids and liquids which are continually changing into each other, the solid melting into the liquid, the liquid congealing into the solid; whilst both stand so related to the air, which is the breath of life, that they are continually vaporising into gases, and gases are continually liquefying and solidifying into them. When Hamlet exclaimed—

"Oh! that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew,"

he was preferring a request, which was granted before it was preferred, and which is every moment receiving fulfilment in each of us. Blood is liquefied muscle, sinew, nerve, brain, and bone. Bone, brain, nerve, sinew, and muscle, are solidified blood; and at every moment flesh is becoming blood, and blood flesh. The current in our veins is at once a river of the water of Life, feeding and sustaining all that grows along its shores, and a river of the water of Lethe, quenching in oblivion everything that it touches. Like the Nile, or the other great rivers of the world, it is at the same time wearing down hills and building up continents; but with this difference, that whereas the Nile is only destructive among the mountains of Abyssinia, and only constructive in the plains of Egypt, the blood at every point in its course is simultaneously adding and abstracting. Those wondrous crimson barques or blood-cells which navigate the arteries are keen traders, and follow the rule of the African rivers, where sales are effected only by barter; but they add to this rule one peculiar to themselves, which neither civilised nor savage man cares to follow, namely, that they give away new goods in exchange for old. Here the traffickers on the red river deposit fresh brain-particles, to replace those which the immaterial spirit has sacrificed to the expression of its thought; for Jeremy Taylor taught a great physical truth, when he declared long ago, that "whilst we think a thought we die." The eloquent preacher saw death near us at every moment, and nearer at each than at the moment before; but death is in us at every moment, and it is not merely *whilst*, but *because* we think a thought we die. Alas! that we cannot be content with such innocent self-slaughter, which the river of life in our veins forgives into resurrection in every case, as fast as it ripples along. It cannot help us, if we overthink ourselves, and die before our time, but during life its mariners deal in all vital wares. As fast as the blacksmith wastes his muscles by each blow, they barter, against the spent cordage of his arm, new flesh-particles to make it strong as before; they restore to its integrity the exhausted auditory nerve of the musician, give the painter a new retina, and the singer a new tongue. Wherever, in a word, the million lamps of life, which keep up its flame at every point of the body, have burned to the socket, they are replaced by freshly-trimmed ones; nor is it here as with the barter of Aladdin's lamp. The new lamp is, in this case, the magic one; the Genie has departed from the old.—*Edinburgh Essays.*

THE SHAKSPEARE BIRTH-HOUSE.—It will startle many to learn that arrangements are in progress for covering with glass, or rather for putting into a huge glass-case, the house in which Shakspeare was born, at Stratford-on-Avon. The houses on both sides have been taken down, and the monument now stands alone. The object of this course is to protect the house against the effects of weather and the further influence of time; we question, however, the taste of the arrangement, and fancy it will be the step from the sublime to the ridiculous.—*London Art Journal.*

## ON A CURL OF CHILD'S HAIR.

BY REBECCA I. HINDMAN.

'Tis but a curl of soft brown hair,
A simple, common thing to see;
But you, who only call it fair,
Dream not of what it is to me!

You take it in your hands and praise
Its glossy smoothness o'er and o'er;
But oh! to you, it pictures not
The childish face it shades no more!

You smile to see how goldenly
Its hue, like sunlight, meets the eye;
But oh! through tears I only see
The brow whereon it used to lie.

The temples fair it clustered round,
The loving eyes it often hid;
Those fair cold temples, blossom-crowned,
Resting beneath the coffin-lid!

The childish voice so sadly sweet,
The lisped words, to love so plain,
The echoing sound of childish feet,
At sight of this come back again.

Oh! gather up the shining links,
And lay them softly, gently by;
Oh! place them where they may not meet
The careless gaze of every eye.

So silently—so mournfully
They speak of what the grave has won;
The idol of a loving heart,
The early called—the only one!

*Normal School.* —*N. Y. Teacher.*

## GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

We have had an opportunity of inspecting a new and elegant assortment of artificial flowers, prepared in anticipation of the coming season. Lilacs, both in white and in the lilac hue, are conspicuous in this assortment. These flowers are mounted chiefly in sprays and bouquets, and it may be considered as certain that lilac will be highly fashionable during the spring and summer. The various kinds of heath will also hold a place among the favorites of the coming season. We have seen some very beautiful bouquets, wreaths, and drooping sprays of heath destined to trim bonnets of crape and blonde. Next may be mentioned hyacinths of every color, jasmin, combined with chamellia, mignionette, intermingled with light sprays of myosotis, and forming exquisite bouquets for trimming either bonnets or dresses, or for ornamenting the hair. Many dress trimmings consist of bouquets and sprays of clematis, honeysuckle, and ivy, as well as of fruit, intermingled with ribbon, lace, and gauze.

The ball dresses, just completed, include several composed of white crape, or of crape of some bright color, as pink, blue, &c. They have chiefly been made with three double flounces, and with the corsage in folds and the sleeves in puffs. A ball dress composed of white tulle has the skirt trimmed with three double flounces, looped up at intervals with bouquets of roses. The corsage is in folds, and in the centre there is a single rose. The sleeves are trimmed with a bouquet of roses. One or two of the new ball dresses consist of satin covered with tulle bouillonne.

Dresses of colored velvet, trimmed with lace, have been made for evening costume. These dresses are at present rather fashionable in Paris.

The *coiffeurs* adapted for full evening dress are in great variety. The small dress-hats, called *petitbords*, are adopted this season. They have the brims composed of velvet, and the trimming usually consists of tufts of feathers. Some elegant head-dresses have just appeared, consisting of puffings of blonde, the trimming being composed of bows of blonde lace, black lace, and flowers; or, they are trimmed with bows and ends of ribbon intermingled with black lace; and occasionally, loops of ribbons are employed instead of flowers.

Of the fashionable out-door costumes, completed within the last few days, one consists of a dress of moire, of a beautiful bright violet color; two rows of trimming, consisting of puffs and bows of black lace, pass up each side of the skirt. A cloak of the same material as the dress, trimmed with black lace. The bonnet is composed of white crape and rows of violet-color velvet. The trimming consists of violets and a demi-veil of violet-color tulle, edged with black lace. Another consists of a dress of dark-blue silk, trimmed with flounces embroidered at the edge with black silk, in a medallion pattern. A black silk cloak, edged with a deep frill or flounce, and trimmed with rows of chenille fringe; and a bonnet of fancy straw, trimmed with pink ribbons, complete the costume.

The bird of paradise is now a favorite ornament for trimming bonnets of a superior style.—*London Lady's Paper, April 4th.*

THE SCULPTOR'S FIRST LOVE.—In the story of Canova's earliest love—if a juvenile and vague aspiration may be so termed—there was something of a romantic and melancholy interest, which seems long to have shaded, with perceptible coloring, his future musings. While pursuing his studies in Farsetti Palace, on first arriving at Venice, he one day beheld a female, somewhat older than himself, and very beautiful, enter the gallery, accompanied by a friend or attendant, who, daily departing, soon after returned again before the hour of closing, leaving the former to pursue her studies, which chiefly consisted in drawing from antique heads. Chance first placed the youthful pair near each other; and some secret excellence, hitherto undiscovered, subsequently determined him constantly to select as models such subjects as brought him nearest the fair artist. The time thus rolled away, and the youth found his bosom thus penetrated with new, delicious, but undefinable sensations. He knew not why he wished to be near her, or why he delighted to gaze on her mild and lovely countenance—so pale, delicate, yet so full of feeling—nor could he tell why the furtive glance was so often directed to her sylph-like form and graceful movements; but he felt that with such a being he should be for ever happy, although incapable of defining his ideas of that happiness. One day the object of his silent adoration was absent—another and another passed; still she did not appear. Antonio was inconsolable; but he shrank from inquiry, for he feared that every one already possessed the secret of his thoughts. Many days elapsed in this uncertainty, during which he was indefatigable in study. At length the attendant again appeared—alone, and habited in deep mourning. The heart of the youth failed at the sight; but summoning courage as she passed, in departing with a portfolio, he ventured to inquire for her friend. "The Signora Julia," replied she, bursting into tears, "is dead!" No more was asked, and nothing more was said. Who Julia was, Canova never knew; but her name, her image, long remained on his memory.

THE MONKEY AND THE HAWK.—The cook of a French nobleman, whose chateau is in the south of France, had a monkey, which was allowed the free range of the kitchen, and which was so intelligent that by pretty severe training its natural propensity to mischief had been subdued, and it was even taught to perform certain useful services, such as plucking fowls, for instance, at which it was uncommonly expert. One fine morning, a pair of partridges was given to it to pluck. The monkey took them to an open window of the kitchen, which looked directly upon the park, and went to work with great diligence. He soon finished one, which he laid on the outer ledge of the window, and then went quietly on with the other. A hawk, which had been watching his proceedings from a neighboring tree, darted down upon the plucked partridge, and in a minute was up in the tree again, greedily devouring his prey.

The consternation of the monkey at this untoward adventure may be easily imagined. He knew he should be severely whipped for losing it. He hopped about in great distress for some minutes, when suddenly a bright thought struck him. Seizing the remaining partridge, he went to work with great energy, and stripped off the feathers. He then laid it on the ledge, just where he had placed the other, and closing one of the shutters, concealed himself behind it. The hawk, which by this time had finished his meal, very soon swooped down upon the partridge, but hardly had his claw touched the bird, when the monkey sprung upon him from behind the shutter. The hawk's head was instantly wrung, and the monkey, with a triumphant chuckle, proceeded to strip off the feathers. This done, he carried the two picked fowls to his master, with a confident and self satisfied air, which seem ed to say, "Here are two birds, sir; just what you gave me." What the cook said, on finding one of the partridges converted into a hawk, is more than we are able to tell.

THE HISTORY OF A GREAT CAUSE.—The history of a cause seems much less interesting than that of one great man, or of a people; but could the historian really tell it, it would be the story of all stories, and would enchant a listening world. It seems to abide in dates and public documents, and resolutions of public assemblies—in short, in the material husk of events, and forms a narrative which even serious and dutiful readers are very glad to have passed over. Yet the most beautiful part of private life, the silent revolutions in men's souls, the most quiet heroism on earth, are all to be found twined together in one continued chain of finely wrought action and meditation, constituting the secret history of a great cause.

HAIR POWDER ENOUGH.—The consumption of hair powder by the soldiers of George II. was something enormous. It was calculated that, inasmuch as the military force of England and the colonies was, including cavalry, infantry, militia, and fencibles, 250,000, and each man use a pound of flour a week, the quantity consumed in this way was 6,500 tons per annum, capable of sustaining 30,000 persons on bread, and producing 3,059,358 quartern loaves.

## Useful Receipts.

TO CURE THE SICK HEADACHE.—Two teaspoonful of finely powdered charcoal, drank in a half tumbler of water, will often give relief to the sick headache, when caused, as in most cases it is, by superabundance of acid on the stomach.—*Exchange.*

TO RELIEVE CHOKED CATTLE.—My plan is to fire a gun under the animal, when the animal makes such a desperate spring that the wind from the stomach throws out the obstruction in the throat at once.—*Cor. North-Western Farmer.*

TREATMENT OF ITCH.—Dr. Schubert, of Germany, treats all cases of itch by washing the patients with plenty of soft soap and salt in water. Eight ounces of soap and four of salt to one quart of water, make a pretty sharp bath, but he says it will cure the majority of cases in three or four days.

REMEDY FOR THE HOVEN.—Cattle pasturing on clover in a wet state, are apt to become bloated. I have relieved them in a short time, by simply placing a straw band in their mouth as a bit, and tying it over the head. In their endeavors to get it out the wind is expelled from the stomach.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

GAPES IN CHICKENS.—The disease is often caused by feeding too liberally with wet Indian meal, when confined in the coop. Chickens that are permitted to roam freely through the fields, are seldom troubled with the disease. The common Tucket, or pop corn, is better than meal, with which to feed chickens, as soon as they are four weeks old.

A TRUTHFUL AND CHEAP BAROMETER.—Take a clean glass bottle and put in it a small quantity of finely pulverized alum. Then fill up the bottle with spirits of wine. The alum will be perfectly dissolved by the alcohol, and in clear weather the liquid will be as transparent as the purest water. On the approach of rain or cloudy weather the alum will be visible in a flaky spiral cloud, in the centre of the fluid, reaching from the bottom to the surface. Thus a cheap, simple and beautiful barometer is placed within the reach of all who wish to possess one. For simplicity of construction, this is altogether superior to the frog barometer in general use in Germany.

BEAUTIFUL AND PERMANENT RED INK.—It is well known that a solution of carmine in caustic ammonia gives a fluid of a very beautiful tint. The following proportions are recommended:—Pure carmine, twelve grains; solution of ammonia, three ounces. Place the carmine in a porcelain vessel; pour thereon the solution of ammonia; heat over a spirit lamp for a space of five to eight minutes, carefully managing the temperature so as not to boil; and to the solution thus formed add (continually stirring) eighteen grains of powdered gum arabic. When dissolved, the ink is ready for use. After using, the ink-stand must be well closed. Instead of using carmine, which is expensive, drop lake (being a mixture of carmine precipitated with alum) may be employed, since the ammonia re-dissolves the carmine therefrom, and leaves the alumina.

TO PREVENT BUGS ON VINES.—Plant beans among your cucumber vines, and others, and let them grow among them till the vines get strong enough to resist the bugs, then pull up the bean plants, and throw them away. This is said to be effective.

REMEDY FOR LICE ON CALVES.—Take some low priced oil, put some Scotch snuff in it, and oil the animal along the backbone from head to tail, and also a streak around the neck an inch or two wide. Two or three applications will expel them.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

There is silence now in the homestead,
Where lately all was gay;
'Tis lonely now in the homestead
Since our young folks went away.

We miss their laugh in the parlor,
We miss their steps in the hall;
There is nothing left of our young folks
Save their garments on the wall.

There hangs the cap of our eldest,
With the coat of our youngest son,
And on the parlor table
Lie the gloves of our fairest one.

Bright dreams, fresh hopes, new fancies,
Have led them forth to roam;
While we with their cast off raiment,
Are left in our dreary home.

AUNT ALICE.

## LOVE, HONOR AND OBEY.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

Promise to love! why, woman thinks
To love a privilege, not a task;
If thou wilt truly take my heart
And keep it, this is all I ask.

Honor thee! yes, if thou will live
A life of truth and purity;
When I have seen thy worthiness,
I cannot choose but honor thee.

Obey! when I have fully learned
Each want and wish to understand,
I'll learn the wisdom to obey,
If thou hast wisdom to command.

So if I fail to live with thee
In duty, love and lowliness,
'Tis Nature's fault, or thine, or both;
The greater must control the less.

—*Home Journal.*

# THE WIDOW;

OR,

## THE RUIN OF A SON.

I was left a widow at the age of five-and-twenty, after a three years' peaceful marriage, with a little boy of only a year old, to bring up as I best could. I was resolved that my boy should prove an exception to the bitter rule which makes the only sons of widowed mothers educational mistakes; and, from the hour of his father's death, I devoted myself to his education with a singleness of purpose, and an exclusiveness of endeavor which I thought could only bring me a rich harvest of reward. He was too frail and delicate for a public school; besides, I was afraid, not only of the rough usage he would meet with there, but also of the moral mischief sure to be contracted. So that I had nothing else to do but to keep him at home, and engage a modest-mannered young woman to teach him the rudiments of what he ought to know. Thus, until the age of fourteen he was brought up solely by women, and never suffered to hear a word or to read a line which the most saintly maiden might not have joined in; for I understood nothing of the differences which people assert ought to exist in the education of boys and girls. To me, morality was single and direct, and admitted no species of deviation. When nearly fifteen, I arranged for my boy a kind of daily tutorship with our young curate; still keeping him at home under my own eye, and superintending his studies myself. For I remembered to have heard strange things of the classics, and I would not trust even a clergyman with my child's studies unchecked. I made Mr. Cary translate to me every evening the lesson he was to give the next morning; and, as I do not confide implicitly in any one, I learnt enough Latin myself to feel sure he was not misleading me. Mr. Cary did not like this superintendence—but he was weak, and poor, and dared not oppose me.

I was never a fond mother. I have a horror of all kinds of demonstrativeness, and look on impulse and expansion as very nearly convertible terms with madness and imbecility. But, perhaps I loved my child all the more because I thought it was wise and good to be self-restrained. It seems to me that the concentration of inward affection strengthens and consolidates; whereas superficial expansion excites, but weakens it. Therefore, very few caresses or endearing words passed between Derwent and myself; but we were none the less good friends on that account. I was proud and fond of him, for all that I did not show my pride by the foolish excesses which most mothers indulge in. He was a fair, waxen-looking creature, with delicate features, and slender, well-shaped limbs; very quick, very agile, like a young chamois in some of his movements; and taking greedily to all accomplishments. He was a good musician and a clever draughtsman; he sang sweetly, and danced with peculiar grace; but he knew nothing of those essentially manly exercises. He had never climbed a tree in his life—at least I trust not; he could not swim, for I was afraid of his taking cold in the water; and, of course, all such exercises as fencing, boxing, or wrestling, I should not have dreamed of allowing to him. I did not allow the companionship of other boys; not even our vicar's sons, when home from their holidays—for would they not have taught him their school vices, rough, and vulgar, though brave and generous lads, as they were. I did not regret his want of that rough handiness and coarse strength which people generally think necessary for boys. I would rather have had in the etherial creature he was, than the bravest and most powerful of a class; if, to gain those qualities, he must have lost the purity of the gentlewoman's son.

At last I was obliged to part with him. I had nothing for it but to send him to the university. It was the first wish of my heart that he should be a clergyman; and, to gain this wish, I must needs see him pass through the terrible ordeal of college career. I could only hope in the power of the education I had given him, and pray and believe that it would prove sufficient against all the temptations which I knew by report, must necessarily beset him.

Derwent's first letters were very satisfactory. Nothing love for his old home, and saintly abhorrence at all that he saw around him, they did not bear a trace of any new influence; and I was assured if, by chance, I had ever unconsciously doubted. But, by degrees, the tone of his letters changed. He spoke of strange men as friends, to me, who had so often urged on him the necessity of keeping aloof from all intimacy whatsoever with his fellow-collegians. For as I brought him up in seclusion from boys, to him adopt the habits, perhaps the vices of men? The very name applied to strangers made me predict all sorts of unknown dangers. Soon, indeed, he began to use strange words, whereof I knew not the meaning; to talk of parties of pleasure, which seemed to me sadly at variance with the object of his studies; to speak of subjects that froze the blood in my veins—and then, what was hardest to bear of all, he more than once reproached me with the carefulness of my education, and "bewailed a pampered boyhood, which left him nothing but an ignorant and ridiculous manhood." He soon grew to speaking of himself in the most humiliating and degrading terms. I felt that it was not modesty, but wounded pride, which made him use these bitter words, and they angered me even more than they pained; for the sting of each was meant for me; yet I had been a faithful and devoted mother.

Thus a coolness between us grew and spread, till soon I felt that I had two sons; one who had died in boyhood, and one who had come suddenly before me as an alien—but still my child. It was a fearful feeling,—for a moral death is more fearful to witness than any physical death.

Vacation time came. How I had looked forward to this time! I had turned back to schoolgirl days, and counted the hours which lay between me and the moment when I should hold my son to my heart. For the consciousness that he was drifting from me made me feel much more tenderly, more fondly for him, than I had ever done before; and I think if he had come to me then, I could have redeemed him by my very love. But, a week before the appointed day, I received a letter from him, telling me that he had engaged to go with a reading party into Wales, and that he could not consequently see me until the next vacation, which would be at Christmas. It was now midsummer. Wounded and hurt, I wrote back a cold reply, simply consenting to the arrangement, but not expressing a word of sorrow at my own disappointment; knowing, alas, that the omission would not be remarked. Nor was it. Derwent's answer was full of pleasureable anticipations of his summer with his dear friends, enthusiastic praises of his party, disrespectful satire on his home at Haredale, and on men tied to their mothers' apron strings; which last observation he qualified by adding praises on my common sense in not requiring such milksop devotion. He ended with his usual expressions of regret at his early education, and self-contempt for his want of manly acquirements. A want, however, lessening daily, he said, under the able tuition of his friends.

What followed until Christmas was merely a deepening of those shades; till, at last, the silent misunderstanding between us grew out into a broad, black line—an impassable barrier, which neither of us sought to conceal.

Derwent had been absent a year and a-half when I saw him again. And, had it been a spectre which had usurped the name of my child, I should not have recognized him less readily than I did now in the vulgar roue who returned to me in place of that pure saint I had sent out like my dove from my ark. The long golden hair which had floated on each side of his face low to his shoulders, was cut short, darkened by oils, and parted at the side. The face which had borne no deeper traces than what a child's simple sensations might have marked, was now blotched by dissipation. The very features were different. The eyes were smaller, and the blue less blue; the lips were hard and swollen; the nose thicker; the jaw more square; while his figure retained nothing of the slightness or the grace which had made him once so beautiful. His hands were covered with purple scars; his shoulders were broad; his neck coarse and muscular. He was not the Derwent I had sent to the great university. As changed in outward seeming, so was he in manner and in thought. Coarse jests with the servants and the low people of the village; incessant smoking; spirits, beer, drunk at all hours, from the early morning to late at night; a lounging, restless, dissipated habit, seemingly unable to concentrate thought or energy on anything but the merest sensuality; perpetual satire—satire on the noblest, satire on the highest subjects; a conversation blackened with the vilest oaths; this was the Derwent whom the alma mater sent back to his own mother; this the reaction of my careful schooling—the hideous mark to which the rebound had fallen.

The six weeks were only half over, when Derwent, yawning more noisily than usual, came lounging through the hall to the drawing-room.

"Mother," he said, plunging himself at full length upon the sofa, "Haredale is awfully slow! By Jove! it uses a man up twice as fast as the fastest college life. I am positively worn out with the monotony of these three weeks. You seem all asleep in this precious old toad-hole. I can't stand it any more, that's a fact. In plain English, mother, I must go."

"At your pleasure, Derwent," I said, coldly, not even raising my eyes.

"Well, now, that's prime! You are a fine little mother, anyhow!" he said, laughing; but I fancied that his voice had a light accent of disappointment in it. "You are not like most mothers of only sons," he added with emphasis.

"Your visit, Derwent," I went on to say, "has not been of such satisfaction to me as to cause me much regret at its termination. Your habits, your ways of life, your tone of thought, and style of conversation are all so foreign to my own ideas of a gentleman—of what my son should be—that I confess to more sorrow than pleasure in your presence. Once you were my pride; now—"

"Upon my soul, that's cool!" shouted Derwent, interrupting me with his college laugh and a college oath. "Still," he added, after a pause, "it leaves me freer than I might have felt if you had taken to the pathetics. For I don't know how much resolution might have been melted, like Cleopatra's pearls, in your tears."

"I don't think you ever saw my tears," I answered, very coldly.

"No; that's true, mother. Your heart might be of iron, for any water-founts leading from it to your eyes," said Derwent.

"And the first, assuredly, shall not be on account of your absence, when that absence is desired and planned by your own will."

"Then we part good friends, mother?" he said, lounging up from the sofa, and taking a cigar from his case.

"Quite as good friends, Derwent, as we can ever hope to be now," I replied with a voice sterner and steadier than usual; because I had more emotion to conceal.

I felt him look at me fixedly, but I did not raise my eyes; and, in a few moments, he strode out of the room, whistling a vulgar air.

That evening he left Haredale while I was absent for an hour; and, when next vacation time came, I myself volunteered his spending it away from home.

Soon, our letters decreased into brief quarterlies. Soon, they became nearly half-yearly communications; and, in due course, degree time came, without Derwent's attempting a second sojourn at home. In the meanwhile my hair had grown gray, and my face, always pale, paler still and wrinkled. I lost all enjoyment of life; and, though a woman still in the prime of middle age, felt and loved like one on the border of a thorny grave. It seemed to me that the sun never shone, and the south wind never blew. It was nothing but a gray, chill, winter time that I lived through; a time of spiritual death.

Perhaps I was to blame for all this. Had I been more demonstrative; had I condescended to sue, to entreat, to caress, I dare say I might have softened him somewhat to the old shape. But I could not do this; the iron of my nature was too strong and too intolerant. So I left him to his own way, and left on his own head the curse or the blessing of his life.

The examination for degrees came, and my son was plucked. He could not pass, even among the lowest of the lowest class. He wrote in a careless, off-hand manner, about this new dishonor, saying, that it did not much signify, as he intended to become artist, Bedouin, Bohemian, Sagaburd,—anything rather than a parson; and that M. A. would look worse than ridiculous after the name of an historical painter, or a marker at a billiard-table. I answered that he had my consent to any course of life he chose to adopt—a consent wrung from a shattered pride and ruined hopes—and that I was too indifferent to his future now to interfere in any of the details of its disgrace. But he did not know that this letter, so hard, and stern, and cold as it seemed, was written between tears and sobs; and, in the fitful bursts of such a storm of passionate anguish, as I never thought could sweep through my strong and chastened heart.

He went to London, which he said was the only field for him; and, in a short time, he told me that he had begun to study art seriously; but that he feared he should never make much substantial progress.

Time passed; fading ever into deeper, duller gray, until all the horizon round my life became soon black and mourning.

I need scarcely say what disgust my son's profession caused me. I had always held the artist-world as something different to and below ourselves, and should as soon have expected a child of mine to have turned mountebank of a strolling company as to have seen him take up painting as a profession. No one knew, and none could see or guess, what I suffered; for I bore myself in my own manner, and hardened that I might strengthen myself. But this, coupled with the disgrace of his college failure, nearly broke my heart.

One day a telegraphic message came from Derwent, requiring my instant presence in London. It was the only communication I had had from him for above a year; and, until I read his address in the message, I did not know where he lived. I hesitated at the first moment whether I should go or not; but the remembrance of my old love, rather than any present affection—no! that had been lived down in his disgrace!—determined me. And the evening saw me on my way to town. I arrived at about eleven that night, and drove direct to the obscure street, near Fitzroy Square, where Derwent lived; a part of the town I had never known in my former days, and which sufficiently shocked me when I saw it. A dirty, coarse-looking woman opened the door to me, and, after a long time of insolent scrutiny, admitted me into a narrow hall, the close smell of which, and its neglect and filth, prepared me for the scene I had to witness up-stairs. At the top of the house, in a low, squalid garret-room, worse than any belonging to the meanest peasant on my estate, with daubs rather than pictures scattered confusedly about it; with dirty strips of red and blue hung round at various points in hideous mockery of the bits of color artists delight in; in the midst of one tangled mass of dirt, confusion, and poverty, crouching in bed beneath a heap of soiled blankets, lay my son, my only child, the one-time pride and glory of my life. Mercy! how he was changed! I should not have known him had I met him unexpectedly; he had not the faintest trace of resemblance with his former self. It was another man, more hideous and more degraded than the college roue who had so shocked and estranged me at Haredale. By the side of the bed stood a pretty looking woman, her hair dishevelled, her dress disordered and dirty; herself evidently a creature of the humblest class of society; but with a certain frank good-nature in the midst of her vulgarity that I could imagine might have prepossessed some who were not quite so exclusive as myself. She gave me a broad, bold stare when I entered, not moving from her place till Derwent said in a languid tone, "My mother, Molly," when she got up from the bed and offered me her hand. I was astonished—too startled to refuse it. She shook mine warmly, saying,—

"Oh! how glad I am you have come!"

I turned to Derwent, and I felt that my lips were set and my brows contracted, as I looked at him inquiringly. I fancied that I saw a blush cross his pale, haggard face, as he answered my silent inquiry by, "My wife, mother," adding as he took her hand, "and a good wife, too!"

I do not know what strange feeling took possession of me; but all the room grew dark, my son and that terrible creature faded into small dim specks; I thought I was dying, and fell prone on the floor, for I fainted—the first and only time in my life that such a thing happened to me. When I recovered, I found they had placed me on the bed by my son; that fearful woman bending over me and tending me, I must confess, carefully and tenderly enough. Derwent was weeping; sobbing passionately. I felt his tears fall hot on my hand, as he kissed it again and again. I was bewildered. There was evidently a mystery in all this beneath the mere surface of degradation easy enough to read. But I was afraid of nothing now; it seemed to me as if nothing could be worse to hear than the shocking fact of his marriage with such a woman.

When I had recovered sufficient physical strength to speak and move, I withdrew myself from Derwent's side, and placed myself on a chair, fronting them both.

"Tell me frankly," I said, "the meaning of all this. Why have you sent for me? Why are you in this state? Why do I find you living the squalid life of a pauper, when your allowance ought to have kept you like a gentleman? Why have you married so far out of your own sphere?" And I shuddered, and they both saw I shuddered. "Without, too, telling me that you were even engaged? Tell me what it all means!"

"It was a long story, mother," said Derwent, trying hard to speak in a composed voice, but failing sadly in the effort, poor soul. "I have been unfortunate, and I have been guilty, and between the two" (here he smiled with a flash of reckless gaiety more painful to witness than any despair) "I am done for. I have lost at play, heavily, the officers are after me, and I want you to save me, mother!"

"What do you mean, Derwent?" I asked, for he spoke so fast, and in such a changed voice—so weak, and yet so hoarse—that I, confused yet by my own sudden failure of strength, could not follow half he said.

"I have committed forgery," said Derwent, with terrible distinctness, "and if I cannot redeem the bill before to-morrow at noon, I shall be arrested as a felon. Besides all this, I am dying of fever and ague."

Here that woman bent over him and kissed him, and I heard her whisper:

"No, my Derwent, you shall not die if Molly's love can save you!"

Had I been a man—had I been even a passionate woman—I should have struck her. I never knew before what passion might arise from mingled jealousy and disgust. But I conquered myself, and said in a cold, measured voice—

"And what do you ask me to do for you, Derwent?"

I saw my son's lips quiver; I saw that woman's face flush, and her hand involuntarily clench, as she set her teeth, as if to keep back rebellious words. But Derwent, who had my blood in him, answered as coldly as I had spoken—

"I want you to pay the forged bill, mother, and so to rescue me from the hulks."

"For how much, Derwent?"

"For five thousand pounds!"

"I have not got it," I said. "I have not above twenty pounds at my bankers; with your allowance I live now up to my full income, and have not saved."

"Is there nothing to sell?" exclaimed the woman, savagely, her large black eyes glaring at me from under her tangled hair.

"Hush, Molly!" said Derwent; "do not interfere, you will only do harm, and make bad worse."

"Curses on her proud, cold heart!" I heard her mutter. "It is she who has brought you to this by her pride and want of love!"

"Well, mother," said Derwent, "I cannot advise you what to do. If you have not got the money, and will not raise it for me, I must suffer for my own act. My last chance was to send to you; if that fails me, I can meet my fate like a man. I have been the only one to blame; and now that the punishment must come, I will not whine over my fate, nor swear I was ill-used innocence. I have been mad, reckless, headstrong, unprincipled—I will not add unmanly cowardice to the list."

There was something in his tone which went to my heart. Had he cowered or whined, I should have left him to his fate; but the indomitable manhood with which he fronted his fate—sick, ill, deserted, as he was—filled me with an admiration that stood somewhat instead of my old love. I felt my eyelids droop over my swollen eyes. I rose from my chair—not passionately, and yet with some irrepressible signs of emotion—I laid my hand on his shoulder, and said, (Oh! how I tried to steady my faltering voice, and how I failed!):

"I will not let you suffer, Derwent! To-morrow before noon, this fearful evidence against you shall be cancelled and destroyed. Sleep in peace—you have still a mother for your hour of need."

"God bless you, mother!" cried Derwent, flinging his wasted arms round me, and burying his face in my bosom; and, "Oh, you have something of a mother's heart in you, after all," said the woman, in a softened voice, passing her coarse hand caressingly over my shoulders. But through all the fur and velvet of my dress I felt her touch, like a repelling magnet, and shivered. She took her hand away, more sadly I fancied than insolently; and I felt sorry that I had allowed my repugnance to be seen.

"Ah, mother!" said Derwent, "you and I have been unfairly matched. I needed a freer life than that which you gave me when under your control, and the consequence was, what it always is, that, when I got my liberty, I carried it into license. And license leads to sin, mother, and sin to crime. It is a fatal union, but an inevitable one. If it had not been for Molly, here, I should have been utterly lost; but she saved me when almost too late though, by giving me something to love and live for. She is not of your station, mother," continued Derwent, while the woman laughed, and chimed in with—"Thank God, no! I am no cold lady." "But she has a heart that would do honor to a throne, and a power of love that you, mother, ought to envy. I was glad to make my wife of one who dared be natural and dared be free."

"I am glad, Derwent, that you are contented with your choice," said I coldly, for I could not feign pleasure or participation; "our lives are too far sundered now to make your surroundings matters of much consequence to me. You have made your own life; and, be it ill or well, little of its shadow or sunshine can fall upon me."

"Oh, mother!" said poor Derwent, bursting into tears, "be, for once, good and loving to me. I am weak and broken now, and you do not know how I have longed—hungered, mother—for your voice and words; could they be only more loving and more kindly than they used to be. Oh, mother! if you had been softer to me; if you had drawn me to you, and made yourself my friend, not only my monitress; if you had been more the woman, and less the mere abstract principle, you might have saved me from all that has befallen me. God knows, I do not mean to reproach you," he added, passionately, "still less to throw on you the responsibility for sins which I alone ought to bear. You followed the instincts of your own nature; and, if that nature did not accord with the needs of mine, that was not your fault, only my misfortune," he added, with a faint attempt at his old wild levity, but failing as once before, and falling to broken, child-like, yet not coward weeping again.

And something broke in me too. My pride fell from me, like ice under the breath of summer, and I took my son to my heart as I had never taken him since he had lain cradled there in childhood. His wife, too—the artist's model, the low-born daughter of a day laborer, the woman whose antecedents I knew and felt would not bear close scrutiny—even she I suffered to kiss my cheek, and checked the shivur of disgust while she did so.

But do not think that I am one of those lying pretences of instantaneous conversion. I did all for my boy that I promised. I redeemed his forged bill; I sold my estate, and established him in comfort and respectability. But—that done, and done with iron nerves and unfeeling heart throughout—I wrote him an adieu for ever, changed my name, and left the country, never to return. I could not live in England under the altered conditions of fortune and my child's social retrogression—I, who had held my head so high, who had worn the immaculate ermine with never a stain on its whiteness—I could not stay to be the scorn, where I had so long been the envy of my circle. No, the pride which the excitement of passion had been able to meet, could not be destroyed. What I was then I must still continue to be. My nature was not one either to change or to bend. I had never been able to contemplate disgrace with philosophy. In a country where I shall not be known, and under an assumed name, I may once more walk with my former dignity. If lower, according to our ideas, in social surroundings, at the least I shall be untouched in moral pride. No one there, can point to me as the mother of a possible felon; no one there, can say that a false education bore fatal fruit, and that pride and exclusiveness produced degradation and ruin.

A MID-DAY HALT ON THE RIO TROMBUTAS, BRAZIL.

Few experiences are more interesting than those of Mr. Catlin, the celebrated American explorer and sportsman. While descending the River Trombutas, in Brazil, in a canoe, Catlin was in the habit of passing the mid-day hours under the shade on shore. One day he was roasting a wild hog for dinner, and saw a large panther a couple of rods off playing with the legs of his companion who was asleep, and lifting them up with his paws. Catlin went cautiously down for his revolver rifle which had been left in the boat. But the panther had put down his head behind the sleeping body, so Catlin giving a whistle, the panther raised his head just the height he wanted, and immediately received a ball between his eyes. The sleeper, on awakening, was astonished at his simultaneous release from the arms of Morpheus and a panther.

## THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

A room in the principal inn of a country town had the reputation of being haunted. Nobody would sleep in it, and it was therefore shut up; but it so happened that at an election the inn was chock full, and there was only the haunted room unoccupied. A gentleman's gamekeeper came to the inn, exceedingly fatigued by a long journey, and wanted a bed. He was informed that unless he chose to occupy the haunted room, he must seek a bed elsewhere. "Haunted?" exclaimed he; "stuff and nonsense! I'll sleep in it! Ghost or demon, I'll have a look at what haunts it." Accordingly, after fortifying himself with a pipe and tankard, he took up his quarters in the haunted chamber, and retired to rest. He had not lain down many minutes when the bed shook under him most fearfully. He sprang out of bed, struck a light (for he had taken the precaution to place a box of lucifer matches by his bedside), and made a careful examination of the room, but could discover nothing. The courageous fellow would not return to bed, but remained watching for some time. Presently he saw the bed shake violently; the floor was firm; nothing moved but the bed. Determined, if possible, to find out the cause of this bed-quake, he looked in the bed, under the bed, and near the bed, and not seeing anything to account for the shaking, which every now and then seemed to seize on the bed, he at last pulled it from the wall. Then the "murder came out." The sign-board of the inn was fastened to the outer wall by a nut and screw, which came through to the back of the bed, and when the wind swung the sign-board to and fro, the movement was communicated to the bed, causing it to shake in the most violent manner. The gamekeeper, delighted at having hunted up the ghost, informed the landlord the next morning of the real nature of his unearthly visitor, and was handsomely rewarded for rendering a room, hitherto useless, now quite serviceable. All the ghost stories on record might no doubt have been traced to similar sources, if those to whom the "ghosts" appeared had been as "plucky" as our gamekeeper.

## "THE OLD, OLD STORY!"

(Suggested by the print of the Dublin Art Union.

The old, old story! ah! 'tis never old,
For ever new, by every lover told;
Heard in all tongues, whisper'd in every clime—
Love! always young, in past and present time!
In hall or cot, 'neath tent or spreading tree,
On peaceful earth, or on the foaming sea!
What charms can boast the tales of pride and glory,
Compared to that, the oft told, old, old story!

Oh! soul-entrancing flame! that breaks the gloom
Of care and strife, bidding hope's flow'rets bloom!
Thy sunny rays through darkness cheer and bless,
O'er saddest hours shed beams of happiness!
The fainting pulse revives with Love's warm breath:
In change, unchangeable, "stronger than death!"
The crown of victory! the meed of glory!
Eclipsed by Love!—it is the old, old story.

E'en high-born dames both fond and timid prove,
Forgetting pride, yield to the power of Love!
The village maiden hears with glowing cheek
The youthful swain in artless language speak;
With ear inclined, she lists what he would tell,
Her senses 'raptured by the potent spell!
What is ambition's dream of wealth and glory?
Love rules the heart!—such is the old, old story!

MRS. VALENTINE ROBERTS.

A LION ADVENTURE IN SOUTHERN AFRICA.—On our route homeward, we halted at a spot where a novel scene once occurred, and which was described by an individual who witnessed it when a boy. Near a very small fountain, which was shown to me, stood a camel thorn-tree. It was a stiff tree, about twelve feet high, with a flat, bushy top. Many years ago, the relator, then a boy, was returning to his village, and having turned aside to the fountain for a drink, lay down on the bank, and fell asleep. Being awoke by the piercing rays of the sun, he saw, through the bush behind which he lay, a giraffe browsing at ease on the tender shoots of the tree, and, to his horror, a lion, creeping like a cat, only a dozen yards from him, preparing to pounce on his prey. The lion eyed the giraffe for a few moments, his body gave a shake, and he bounded into the air, to seize the head of the animal, which instantly turned his stately neck, and the lion, missing his grasp, fell on his back in the centre of the mass of thorns, like spikes, and the giraffe bounded over the plain. The boy instantly followed his example, expecting, as a matter of course, that the enraged lion would soon find his way to the earth. Some time afterwards, the people of the village, who seldom visited that spot, saw the eagles hovering in the air; and as it is almost always a certain sign that the lion has killed game, or some animal is lying dead, they went to the place, and sought in vain, till, coming under the lee of the tree, their olfactory nerves directed them to where the lion lay dead in his thorny bed. I still found some of his bones under the tree, and hair on its branches, to convince me of what I scarcely could have credited. The lion will sometimes manage to mount the back of a giraffe, and, fixing his sharp claws into each shoulder, gnaw away till he reaches the vertebræ of the neck, when both fall; and oftimes the lion is lamed for his trouble. If the giraffe happens to be very strong, he succeeds in bringing his rider to the ground. Among those that we shot on our journey, the healed wounds of the lion's claws on the shoulder, and marks of his teeth on the back of the neck, gave us ocular demonstration that two of them had carried the monarch of the forest on their backs, and yet come off triumphant.—*Missionary Journal.*

☞ The old English mile was about equal in round numbers to one and a-half of the modern standard miles.

# Paris Letter.

THE EMPEROR RUN AWAY WITH—WAR ON SHAM-TITLES—A TURN OF THE WHEEL—MINISTERIAL FOSTERINGS OF THE FINE ARTS—A RISING STAR—A NOVEL TROUPE—AN ALGERIAN WEDDING—DESCENT OF A POLAR BEAR—UPS AND DOWNS AMONG STONES—THE FIRST SPELLING-LESSON.

PARIS, April 23rd, 1857.

*Mr. Editor of the Post:*

His Majesty, the Emperor, driving his favorite little light carriage, a tandem, of the make called here an *Americaine*, on Monday last, came within an inch of a serious accident. The horses taking fright at the splashing of a water-cart, turned round at a right angle, dashing on to the pavement. Luckily, a scaffolding put up before a building in course of erection, brought them to a stand-still; and one of the masons, with great presence of mind, grasped the reins of the leader, and so stopped the wild career of the frightened animals.

A vigorous onslaught against the assumption of titles by people having no right to affix these handles to their names, is now being prepared by the Government. The passion for titles being very strong here as elsewhere, not only persons who really possess a title, but those who do not, are accustomed to seize on every opportunity of parading the euphonious additions so highly prized; and the French custom of representing all titles, even the highest, by the word *Monsieur*, renders the assumption in question particularly easy. Thus, the Duke de La Rochfoucauld, the Princess de Poix, the Count de Caumont, for instance, are usually spoken of as Monsieur de La Rochfoucauld, Madame de Poix, Monsieur de Caumont. Suppose an untitled inhabitant of some remote village, say plain Jean Ribeaud, of La Perte, to have scraped together, in Paris, money enough to gild the wings of his ambition, he begins the process by a gradual transformation of his name. His cards, which formerly bore the simple inscription of *M. Jean Ribeaud*, now read *M. J. Ribeaud (de la Perte)*, the name of the native village being modestly intercalated between a couple of brackets. The next stage in the process will be as follows: *M. Ribeaud de la Perte*, the brackets being forgotten, so that the name of the village now appears as a patronymic, implying that such village is the appanage of him who wears its name. Another step witnesses the development of the upspringing nobility into *M. R. de la Perte*; and still another step, into *M. de la Perte*. For the greater number of aspirers, this last stage, substituting a name of noble form for the plebeian name of their forefathers, is sufficient; but in others of still loftier desire, a final intercalation is ventured upon, and the *ci-devant* Jean Ribeaud, obscure native of an obscure corner of some remote Department, becomes, by a final turn of the kaleidoscope, *M. le Baron, Comte* or *Marquis de la Perte*, in right of his own patient and ingenious good pleasure. The upper circles, being constantly exposed to the invasions of a host of self-dubbed nobility, are growing restive under the infliction; and stringent measures are about to be adopted for the verification of all titles, and the prosecution of the wearers of dubious ones.

While innumerable sham titles are threatened with ignominious extinction, bona fide ones, with all their usual advantages of wealth and provision, not unfrequently become the lot of the brilliant stars of the *Parisian* stage, who, in many cases, have married into noble and titled families. One of these fortunate individuals, the well-known actress Mlle. Adeline W——, disappeared from a theatre of the Boulevards about five years ago, to the great regret of one of the company, who was paying his addresses to her, and flattered himself with being in a fair way to win the lady's good graces. Not a word was heard of the missing actress; some thought she had drowned herself, others believed her to be gone to America. Last week, all the actors of the theatre to which the fair Adeline formerly belonged, and all those who had been in the company at the same time with herself, were surprised by receiving invitations to pass the evening at the house of the Countess de T——. Though unable to guess why they should be invited by the Countess, whom none of them knew, they all took care to do honor to the invitation. As they arrived at the Countess's hotel, these guests were received by a crowd of valets, and ushered into a magnificent saloon, where, however, there was nobody to receive them. When all had arrived, the guests, inquisitive, and half disposed to imagine that a trick was being played off upon them, notwithstanding the assurance repeated to each, as he entered, by a dignified steward in black, that "Madame la Comtesse begged to be excused for a few moments, but would make her appearance very shortly"—began to grow impatient. But they did not wait long for the clue to the enigma. When the last of the visitors had been ushered in, the doors of a boudoir, at the upper end of the drawing-room, were thrown open, and the servant announced, "*Madame la Comtesse de T.!*" and a lady, elegantly dressed, and her face beaming with a half-mischievous smile, entered the room. Great was the surprise of the visitors at recognizing, in this lady, their former companion, Mlle. Adeline. She had been a great favorite with them, and they received her with open arms. "But we have all been invited here by the Countess de T.!" they exclaimed; "but who is she, and what does she want with us? and why does she not come to receive us?" "But here she is," cried the fair Adeline, with a merry laugh, "and delighted to see her old friends after so long an absence, and to inform them, at last, of the happy change which took place in her destiny five years ago!" Her story was soon told. The Count de T. had fallen in love with her; but, wishing to avoid any opposition on the part of his aristocratic relations, he had carried her off from Paris with the utmost precaution, and the marriage had been performed at T——. The relatives were informed of the event by letter; and the happy couple went at once to Italy, where they had passed most of their time since their marriage, varying their sojourn there with journeying through Switzerland, Spain, and England; the Count wishing his wife to perfect herself in her new character, before introducing her to the aristocratic circles of Paris. The actors were a little disappointed at this history, for they had hoped she was desirous of returning to the scene of her former engagements; her rejected suitor, especially, as he had flattered himself she would let him see that she had not forgotten his old devotion. But the Countess is perfectly happy in her new rôle; and her sole motive in gathering together her old friends—taking advantage of the absence of the Count, who was in the country on business—was simply to have the pleasure of seeing her old friends once again, and taking leave of them openly and affectionately. The evening passed rapidly and merrily; and after a magnificent supper, Madame de T. presented a pocket-book, containing a munificent donation, to one of the company, entreating him to take charge of the contents, and employ them for the benefit of indigent actors.

The music-loving world has just been made exceedingly wroth, by an odious proceeding of the Minister of the Interior, under whose fostering care the operas, theatres, concerts, and so forth, are officially placed. Everybody knows the Conservatory of Music; the most magnificent musical centre in the world, and whose series of Winter Concerts, performed by its members, are the ne plus ultra of musical performance in our little planet. The hall of the Conservatoire being very small, all the boxes are taken by yearly subscribers, who hold on to the same, from season to season, with the grip of the most energetic determination; consequently it is excessively difficult for non-subscribers to become subscribers; and as to occasional vacancies, they are so rare, and so many scores of hungry music-lovers are hovering about the doors, waiting for any stray bit of good luck to take them in, that it is next to impossible to get one's self in. Every nook and cranny of the building is occupied by eager listeners, who sit contentedly up among the rafters, in dark holes, behind the boxes, in the corridors, &c., and would probably consent to climb up among the burners of the chandeliers, if the attempt were allowed by the attendants. Through the 30 years of the existence of this unrivalled orchestra—of which every performer is the most finished musician for his particular instrument, and its most accomplished professor—it has never failed to give a concert on Easter Sunday. What, then, was the horror and amazement of the audience, at the Good Friday Concert, to see a notice on their programmes, to the effect that the greater part of these gentlemen belonged to the Opera, and a repetition of the opera being ordered for Easter Sunday, the usual concert on that day would be omitted, and the money returned to the ticket-holders! What could it mean? Nobody knew; but everybody was furious at the disappointment.

The secret of this disappointing order was as follows: The Minister had sent to the Conservatoire, on Thursday evening, requesting a couple of boxes for the next day's concert. The Conservatoire was in despair, not having a single standing-place, even, at its command, and knowing that not a soul in possession of tickets would consent, "for love or money," to immolate itself for the satisfaction of his Excellency. The poor professors waited on the Minister, expressed their regret at the impossibility of giving him the boxes demanded, and promised to reserve them for him for next winter's concerts. The Minister, furious at this refusal, (though he might as well have asked for the moon,) ordered that *La Favorite* should be brought out at the Opera on Easter Monday, thus necessitating a rehearsal on Sunday, and thereby rendering it impossible for the Easter concert to be given. The angry functionary, moreover, caused it to be intimated to the members of the Conservatory that they need not attempt to ward off the blow, by giving the Easter Concert on another day, as he was determined to prevent this, by ordering a representation at the Opera for any day they should choose! These artists, whose pay is very small, notwithstanding the honor of their position, and who count on the concerts they are allowed to give during the winter, to eke out their salaries, were thus put to a heavy pecuniary loss; and the subscribers were deprived of the pleasure, so eagerly looked for, of assisting at the usual concert. But the indignation excited by this stretch of authority, and the odiousness of its motive, was so great that, at the last moment, the Minister withdrew the order for the Monday performance, and an advertisement was sent to the journals, stating that "his Excellency was unwilling to accept the sacrifice of the professors of the Conservatoire, and had countermanded the representation at the Opera, in order not to interfere with the giving of the Easter Concert at the Conservatory." But it was too late; there had not been time to allow of any rehearsal, and consequently the concert could not be given after all—to the great sorrow of the ticket-holders, who went to the building, only to find it closed. I mention this incident as a sign of the results to which France, with all its yearnings after "Liberty," has arrived, through its mania of leaving everything to be concentrated in the hands of the government.

Concerts are very rife just now. Among them may be mentioned the late concert given by M. de la Nux, a young pianist of most signal talent, who executes the most incredibly difficult passage with all the ease and grace of a nightingale hymning the moon; and who is, if possible, almost more remarkable for the exquisite delicacy and feeling of his softer passages, than for the force and precision of his louder ones. He is certainly destined to occupy a very high place in the musical world, both as a performer and as a teacher, in both of which capacities he is equally admirable!

From the "sublime" of Mozart and Beethoven, to the "ridiculous" of the Cirque Napoleon there is but a step; and the performances of dogs and monkeys at the latter, renders this step, for once, worth the taking. This singular troop, on its first appearance under its leader, Mr. Hodson, was so frightened by the lights and music of the circus, that nothing could be done with them. But their emotion has passed off and they go through with a series of astounding performances of which I reserve fuller details for a future occasion, as I must find room for a few extracts from a letter I have just received from a very clever and very beautiful Parisienne, who has lately emigrated to Algiers, in the neighborhood of which town she has purchased a country seat. This charming person, remarkable for her elegance and taste, was engaged to a young officer who fell in the Crimea. Refusing a host of lovers, all eager to fill the place thus left vacant, Mlle. B—— has resolved on a life of celibacy; and having adopted a favorite niece, has now settled in Algiers, where her brother occupies a post under the Government.

She says "My house is very pretty, about twenty minutes' drive from the town, and stands in a ravine so picturesquely beautiful, that I am never tired of admiring my prospect. My gardens slope downwards on the sides of two mountains; from my terraces I look over a wide expanse of country, and a broad line of sea on the other hand. At the bottom of the gardens runs a brook, which sends me to sleep every night with its delicious murmurs. I wish my pen could do justice to the magnificent sky, the glorious sunshine, and the still more glorious nights, so calm, so blue, so starry! of this enchanting region. But I spare you my raptures in the hope that you will come and judge of all this for yourself. I am another creature since I am living in this delicious air, out of doors all day long, and luxuriating in the new and romantic life on which I have entered. My mother, and my little Marguerite are on their way to join me: and I shall then be perfectly happy. * * * I have few neighbors except the Arabs; these I like much, they are so gentle and intelligent. We are already excellent friends. A lady from Algiers took me, a short time since, to the wedding of the beautiful young daughter of Prince Mustapha, one of the principal chieftains of Algeria. His dwelling is a superb palace, in Moorish style; courts, fountains, mattings, low couches, and all the accessories we have become so familiar with in the Arabian Nights. The wedding lasted six days, with great feasting, and endless ceremonies. The dresses of the bride were of the utmost splendor, and there seemed to be no end to her wardrobe. Three times a day did her maidens change her toilette, and that in the presence of a hundred guests! It seemed to be a part of the programme of the festival. What most surprised me in the dress of the bride was the profusion of gold spangles which they fastened upon her hair and eyebrows with perfumed paste, and the two gold stars with which her cheeks were adorned in the same manner.

"Her long braids of shining black hair, falling on her shoulders, and then bound up on the top of the head, were surmounted with a magnificent crown of diamonds. Her hands were dyed black; her feet encased in little red slippers. the leather being thickly covered with embroideries of precious stones. She wore full pantaloons of white silk; and a blue vest, embroidered with silver, with sleeves of delicate *tulle* embroidered with small pearls. Round her waist a flowing sash of red silk and gold; and over the whole, a long veil of the finest gold gauze, covered with pearls and rubies. I never saw anything so picturesquely beautiful as this costume. Among the guests I counted eight Arab princesses, relations of the bride, and as richly dressed as herself. Her women were as black as ebony; and all in striking and brilliant costumes. Those of the men were equally magnificent, and many of them really of very pleasing effect. As to the ceremonies, I could not understand them, though they seemed to be very affecting, and formed many striking *tableaux*. I offered to the bride a bouquet of roses and rosebuds, on the putting together of which I expended all the little skill in the art of nosegay-making, of which you know me to be a little vain; she seemed greatly pleased with my gift, and presented me with a bunch of the glorious double jessamines of this land of flowers and perfumes. We were most hospitably received by her family; and I never spent a pleasanter day."

The Grand-Duke Constantine has arrived at Toulon; we shall have him here, and make a wonderful fuss over him, in the course of the coming week. An aerolite has fallen near Colmar, to the great joy of the savants; and a terrible sunken rock, (called *the Rose*, though it might be more appropriately called *the Thorn!*) off the harbor of Brest, has just been blown up very successfully, to the great joy of the seafaring population.

News from Constantinople narrates the grand festivities that were taking place at one of the Imperial palaces, to celebrate the first attempts of the learned tutors to instill a knowledge of the alphabet into the minds of a batch of the youngest children of Sultan Medjid. The first spelling-lessons are always given to these little creatures in presence of the entire Court, and with a very pompous religious ceremonial. QUANTUM.

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DIFFICULTIES OF GETTING MARRIED AND COMMITTING SUICIDE IN PRUSSIA.—Are you in good health and of sound constitution? If not, don't think of falling in love with a German lady. Though she, dear creature, may have drawn up to her own mind a creditor and debtor account of the evil and the good, and decided on incurring the hazard; the *Police Physician* may not prove exactly of that train of mind. He may be inexorable; if both the lady and yourself are poor I have no doubt he would be. Nor are Pandora's legacies the only sufficient cause for putting Hymen in fetters, according to the sentiments of a Prussian *Police Physician*. He goes into the delicate question of appropriate age. Should your inamorata be older than seems to him fit, or the bridegroom elect too young, or both too young or too old, he again interposes his cruel authority. To do him justice, the *Police Physician* does not consider it a part of his duty to learn the state of your or the lady's banking accounts, your chance of legacies, revenues, postobits, your funded or landed wealth, or any other form the good things of Plutus may for you or the lady assume; but other functionaries do this for you—bad luck to them; so all things considered, it is no joke to get married in Prussia. You fret and chafe and threaten self-destruction. Well, of that you are the best judge; but take my advice—if you would avoid being made a scarecrow of, a warning and example to all future suicidal consumptive lovers, *be* consumptive to the end. Don't hang yourself, or blow out your brains; as for poison, you can't get it;—tar yourself, and set fire to it; jump into the nearest glass-furnace; or, Mokanna-like, plunge into a carboy of oil-of-vitriol. Lastly, if all these resources are wanting, hire a boat, tie a stone to your feet, row out into the middle of a river, scuttle your boat, and go down. That abominable *Police Physician*, he has positive orders to dissect every suicide; to record the exact cause of death, and to send any malformed or abnormal organ to the nearest anatomical museum. This he would infallibly do.

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NO DANGER FROM THE COMING COMET.—The possible collision of a comet with the earth is now attracting considerable attention from a silly rumor that a French or German savan has predicted such an event to occur on the 17th of June next. The distinguished astronomer referred to has utterly disclaimed any such prediction, asserting in a published letter that the only comets in sight, or expected, move in paths which do not coincide with that of the earth at any point, and that the chances are exactly on a par with those of a collision of an omnibus in the streets of London with another in the streets of Paris.

Comets can never be timed with certainty, as they are liable to great accelerations and delays from the attractions of the planets. It is considered a very close calculation if Halley's comet is computed to within even two or three months of its actual appearance, and a prediction that a comet will be at any point on a set day will be readily seen to be most arrant quackery in science. There was in 1832 a possibility of collision, though the results would very probably have been insignificant, but at the present time no comet is expected whose orbit passes across ours.

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☞ Mr. Benton, in allusion to his age, remarked that he "was walking upon the broken arches of life, and was liable to slump through at any moment." Beautiful—all but the "*slump*."

## THE SUN FLOWER A PROTECTION AGAINST FEVER AND AGUE.

Lieut. Maury, of the National Observatory, in an article in the Rural New Yorker, gives an account of an experiment, made by himself the past season, to test the agency of the Sun Flower as a safeguard against fever and ague. He found his residence at the Observatory so disturbed by this disease, as to require his family to be away four or five months of the year; two or three relays of watchmen were required in course of the sickly season; and a stranger was liable to attack, by simply walking through the grounds after night. This was a serious matter. The strong man was not sufficiently armed to keep his palace, but "a stronger than he comes upon him, and overcomes him." He very naturally casts about him for some efficient method of defence. Walls and battlements were no protection; his watchmen were struck down in his presence, and all common methods were of no avail. What was to be done? He has the subject before him for years, takes the advice of wise men, and, after exhausting all his resources, when it might have been fairly supposed that such a prophet would do "some great thing," he takes his gardener and plants sun flower seed, that, at the proper time, he might have a barricade of sun flowers to keep off the chills!

Attributing the sickness to malaria, caused by decay of vegetable matter in the surrounding marshes, he argued that a vigorous growth of living plants between the house and the marsh would absorb and appropriate the gases evolved from the decay below. This view was confirmed by the common remark, that a growth of trees proved a protection in like cases; but the trees at the time their services are most required here, are preparing for the winter, and not in a condition to make themselves useful. It was therefore necessary to get up something for the occasion. Something with size and absorbing power which should be in active growth at the right time. He takes a hint now from an old woman's fancy to plant sun flowers about her log cabin, because they were "healthy," or an old negro's notion to adorn his pig-stye with the same plant for the same purpose. A jewel on a dung-hill is not on that account the less a jewel to the Philosopher, and he determines to test its worth at any rate.

He makes a belt on the sides of the grounds next the marshes, has it deeply dug and well manured, for he wants a rank, vigorous growth, plants his seed, and in due time his sun flowers must have been like "an army with banners." The result was, that whereas the President's house and neighboring localities were more than usually affected by ague and fever, the watchmen at the Observatory for the first time escaped entirely. This is not "proof," as Lieut. M. remarks, "but it is worth further trial at any rate."

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"THE LIVING MAN'S GRAVE."—Close to the church of Moy, in Scotland, is a circular hollow surrounded with high rocks, and accessible only through one narrow entrance. Here it was that Donald Fraser, the blacksmith of the chief of Mackintosh, defeated Lord Loudon, who commanded the King's troops at Inverness during the rebellion of 1745 and 1746. Quite close to this spot is also a green spot, *Uaigh an duine Cheo*, "the living man's grave," with which the following tradition is connected. A dispute having arisen concerning their marches between the Laird of Mackintosh and the Laird of Dunmaglass, the latter offered to find a man who should declare upon oath that the spot indicated by him was the exact march, with the condition, that if found to swear falsely, the witness was to be buried alive. The man, when brought forward to the spot, swore by the head under his bonnet and the earth under his feet, that he stood on Dunmaglass's land. On being examined, however, it was found that he had filled his shoes partly with soil from the acknowledged property of Dunmaglass, and that he had a cock's head in his bonnet, probably that he might save his own, and that he might not be considered perjured for swearing by the head of a cock. He was, however, adjudged guilty, and paid the penalty of his mental reservation by being buried alive on the spot.

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BIGOTRY.—When the Baptists of Hartford began to hold public services, an over zealous member of Dr. Strong's society called upon him, and asked him if he knew that John Bolles had started an opposition meeting?

"No," said he, "when—where?"

"Why, at the old court house."

"Oh, yes, I knew it," the doctor carelessly replied; "but it is not an opposition meeting. They are Baptists, to be sure, but they preach the same doctrine that I do. You had better go and hear him."

"Go!" said the man, "I am a Presbyterian."

"So am I," rejoined Dr. Strong, "but that need not prevent us wishing them well. You had better go."

"No," said the man with energy, "I shan't go near them. Dr. Strong, ain't you going to do something about it?"

"What?"

"Stop it, can't you?"

"My friend," said the doctor, seriously, "John Bolles is a good man, and will surely go to heaven. If you and I get there we shall meet him, and we had better, therefore, cultivate a pleasant acquaintance with him here."

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THE HAIR A TEST OF THE CONSTITUTION.—The state of the hair on the head (says Dr. Holland) tends to elucidate the character of the constitution. If strong and thick, it implies considerable tone or energy of the vital powers. If, on the other hand, it is thin, soft, or silky—prone to grow in length rather than in strength—the animal system is almost invariably weak, and the disposition of the individual is not unfrequently mild, easy, and destitute of enterprise, rarely displaying qualities which indicate force of intellect. We may further remark, as the result of careful observation, that the curliness of the hair, not merely in infancy, but in after life, is evidence of unusual constitutional vigor, though not necessarily conjoined with a well-developed muscular frame. The vital properties which throw out the external appendage thick and abundant, in harmony with the requirements of the system, are the cause, from the affluence and activity by which they are characterized, of this being not only strong but curly. We have no hesitation in the expression of this opinion; nor will its accuracy be questioned by those who have given attention to the matter.

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☞ Some years ago, a fellow was sentenced to be crupt for perjury. When the executioner came to fulfil the sentence of the law, he found that the prisoner had undergone the punishment before, which threw the hangman into a passion. "What, the deuce!" said the convict coolly, "am I obliged to furnish you with ears, every time I am sentenced to be cropt?"

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REPRODUCTIVE POWER OF FILTH.—A single atom of Spanish moss attaches itself to a southern tree; every moment and hour, day and night, summer and winter, it steadily extends itself, until the whole tree is hung in the drapery of death.

The toad-stool mushroom, so deadly in its nature, is the work of a night, and augments with wonderful rapidity.

So it is with a low grade of animal and vegetable growth, which feeds on filth, and reproduces itself with the utmost celerity, thus spreading its area, and concentrating its corruptive and destructive agencies, sweeping away human life like chaff.

These pernicious growths, scarcely themselves perceptible to the naked eye, have something immeasurably more minute, which answer to seeds, which flying in every direction, and attaching themselves to all moist surfaces, begin instantly to grow. Thus it is that spots of neglected filth need but a little moisture and warmth to breed their deadly contagions, and scatter their leprous diseases far and wide.

Let every family, then, remember that each particle of damp dirt about their dwellings is a plague spot, and let every servant and child be visited with the severest reproof, who knowingly permits its continuance for a single moment.—*Veterinary Journal.*

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HOW THEY DOCTOR HORSES IN ASIA MINOR.—The following paragraph is copied from Neal's "Syria, Palestine, and Asia Minor:"—

In Acre there is a plentiful supply of Turkish veterinary surgeons; and about the most curious sight I ever witnessed was a horse under treatment by these practitioners. First, they threw it on the ground, by tying its four feet or hoofs so closely together that it became as helpless as an infant; then a tight bandage was placed over the nose and mouth, only leaving sufficient space for the animal to breathe. A Turkish pipe, containing tobacco, bang, hashish, cuscus, and other narcotics, was inserted in one of the nostrils, and a spark being placed upon the bowl, the horse immediately involuntarily inhaled the stupefying smoke; which had the effect, after a very short period, of rendering it unconscious of what was going on. Then the skill of surgery was brought into play, and the fetlock of the poor brute being laid open, a perfect hive of worms, deposited by a fly common in some parts of the desert between Damascus and Bagdad, was duly extracted. The wound was closed up with pitch sticking-plaster, and the bands being unloosened, buckets of cold water were thrown over the horse, who quickly revived. The foot was now placed in a sling, and in a few days afterwards, so effective had been the operation, the horse was fit to pursue his daily avocations.

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DANGER TO RAILROADS IN THE DESERTS FROM OSTRICHES.—At a ball recently given at the Hotel de Ville, Paris, a group, among which was the Secretary of Ferouk Khan, were discussing the merits of the Euphrates Valley Railroad. "Your country," said a lady to the Secretary, "will then be very near to us." "Yes, if the project should be accomplished! The difficulties of execution are very great and numerous." "Certainly, but the English engineers will surmount them." "Oh!" replied the young Persian, with an air of cunning, "there is one against which their science must fail; all these deserts are peopled with ostriches." "Well?" "Well, these birds, you know, digest iron; they will eat the road up!" General exclamation, in which the Persian was declared a *spiritual farceur!*

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☞ A CONVENIENT AFFLICTION.—A blind man, led by a dog, wandering in the streets of Paris, had his dog seized by some one passing; instantly opening his eyes, he gave chase, and, overtaking the thief, cudgelled him severely, after which he closed his eyes, and fell to begging again.

☞ Small talk is the small change of life; there is no getting on without it.

☞ "We acquiesce no longer so readily as did our grandfathers in the severance between public and private virtue. We feel more than ever that we may fairly demand, in those of public station and exalted rank, that kind of excellency which makes the safeguard of home and the happiness of the fireside."

☞ Good is stronger than evil. A single really good man in an ill place is like a little yeast in a gallon of dough; it can leaven the mass.—*Reade.*

☞ Solitude shows us what we should be; society shows us what we are.—*Cecil.*

☞ Man without desire and without want would be without invention and without reason.

☞ HOW EXTREMES MEET.—There is a great difference in the way (we mean the street) that different countrymen, when they do differ, fight. If it is an Englishman, before beginning, he will tuck up his sleeves; but if it is a Frenchman—mind you notice him well, the next time—he *turns up his trowsers!* As Paddy would say, the arms of the Frenchman are his feet.

☞ Knowledge directs practice, yet practice increases knowledge.

☞ Salad was a rare treat in England in the early part of the reign of Henry Eighth. Queen Catharine, when she wished for one, had to send to Holland or Flanders for it.

☞ A farmer returning home in his wagon after delivering a load of corn, is a more certain sign of national prosperity, than a nobleman riding in his chariot to the opera.

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## THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER,
No. 40 Walnut Street.

The following were the evening quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

| | Bid. | Asked. |
|---|---|---|
| **LOANS.** | | |
| U S 6 pr ct | | |
| " " | '62 112 | — |
| " " | '67 118 | — |
| " " | '68 118 | — |
| " " | '83 108 | — |
| Phila 6 pr ct | 91 | 92½ |
| " " new | 95¼ | — |
| " " " | — | — |
| Cam City 6 pr ct | 90 | 95 |
| Penn 5 pr ct | 74 | 75 |
| " " coupon | 74½ | 75 |
| All'gy city 6 pr ct | 62½ | 63 |
| " " county " | 61 | 64 |
| Allegheny RR 6's | 68½ | 75 |
| Penn " | | |
| " A " | 84 | 84½ |
| " " coupon | 83 | 83½ |
| Kentucky 6 pr ct | 102½ | 103 |
| Penn RR 6 pr ct | 96½ | 97 |
| Sunbury 6 pr ct | 94 | 96 |
| C & Am RR 6 pr ct | 76 | 77 |
| P G & N RR " | 91 | 92 |
| Read pf RR " | 78½ | 78½ |
| " " m'rt " | 84 | 86 |
| H & Lan RR " | 87 | 88 |
| gd RR " | — | — |
| Cha Val RR " | 90 | 95 |
| Penn RR " | 88 | 89 |
| Phil Wil & Bal '60 RR 6 pr ct | 86½ | 86½ |
| Long I RR " | 60½ | 64 |
| Sch Nav '82 " | 67½ | 67½ |
| Lehigh Nav " | 84 | 85 |
| Morr " | 92 | 93 |
| C & D C " | 74½ | 75 |
| Sus & Tid 7's " | 89 | 91 |
| Union Canal | 61 | 61½ |
| Wil'ms & Elmira 1st m'rt 7 pr ct | 75½ | 76½ |
| 2d " 7 pr ct | 64½ | 64½ |
| Catawissa " | 39 | 39 |
| North Penn 6 pr ct | 37½ | 38½ |
| **RAILROAD STOCK.** | | |
| Cam & Amboy | 129½ | 130 |
| Penna | 66½ | 67 |
| Hes Meadow | 35½ | 36 |
| North Penn | 11½ | 12 |
| Phil Ger & Nor | 52 | 53 |
| Reading | 46½ | 46½ |
| " preferred | 44½ | 50 |
| Minehill | 52½ | 53 |
| Har & Lan | 30½ | 32½ |
| Chester Val | 44 | 51 |
| Tioga | 12 | — |
| " preferred | 20 | — |
| P W & Balt | 22 | 25 |
| Long Island | 12½ | 12½ |
| Wil sport & Elmira | 22½ | 23 |
| Catawissa | 12½ | 13 |
| **CANAL STOCKS.** | | |
| Sch Nav | 14½ | 15 |
| " preferred | 24½ | 25 |
| Lehigh Nav | 73 | 74 |
| Morris | 134 | 134½ |
| " preferred | 95½ | 97 |
| C & Del | 69 | 70 |
| Union | 10½ | 11 |
| Sus & Tidewater | 9½ | 10 |
| **BANK STOCKS.** | | |
| North Amer | 156 | 160 |
| Penna | 112½ | 113 |
| Phila | 110½ | 120 |
| Far & Mec | 64 | 64½ |
| Commercial | 63 | 64 |
| N Liberty | 56 | 58 |
| Mechanics | 70 | 80 |
| Southwark | 71 | 81 |
| P Township | 59½ | 60 |
| Kensington | 68 | 70 |
| Girard | 11 | 11½ |
| Western | 65 | 70 |
| Man & Mech | 30 | 31 |
| Commerce | 60 | 66 |
| Tradesmen's | 61 | — |
| City | 59 | 59½ |
| Consolidation | 20 | 21 |
| Pittsburg | 50 | — |
| M & M Pitts | 55 | — |
| Far's Pitts | 53 | — |
| Kentucky | 125 | 130½ |
| Louisville, Ky. | 120 | 121 |
| Louisville, Ky. | 130 | 134 |
| Farmers, Ky. | 112 | 113 |
| Union, Nash Tenn | 102 | 103 |
| Plant's, Tenn. | 103 | 110 |
| Com & R Vick | 6 | 6½ |
| N O Gas Lt | 128 | 130 |

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REPUBLICANISM.—Republicanism is the only form of government which is not perpetually at war with human nature. In other governments, the many are sacrificed to the few; here the few are sacrificed to the many. Other governments are constantly employed in creating public misery to obtain private happiness; here private happiness produces public felicity. Other governments are blind, and proceed by force; this has eyes, and proceeds by persuasion. Other governments are slaves to precedent; this is the child of reason. Other governments are the governments of men; this is the government of laws.—*Paine.*

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## WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—The export demand continues limited but with a reduced stock and very light receipts, holders of Flour have succeeded in realizing a further advance of 25c @ bbl, since the close of last week. Sales to the extent of about 7000 bbls are reported in lots mostly at $6,75@7 for standard and good straight brands, closing firmly at the latter rate, including extra at $7,12½@7,50, and extra family at $7,50@7,75; 400 bbls Brandywine, included in the above, also sold at $7,50, and 200 bbls middlings at $5,25@5,50 ₱ bbl, the latter for flour. The home trade have been buying to a fair extent within the above range of prices for common to good selling brands, and extra at $7@7,50 for fancy lots, as in quality. Rye Flour and Corn Meal have improved, about 800 bbls of the former sold at $4 for coarse, $4,25 for superfine and $4,50 ₱ bbl for extra, which latter is now the general asking price. Some 200 bbls Corn Meal have also been sold in lots, mostly at $3,12½@3,37 for Pennsylvania Meal, including 100 bbls Brandywine at $3,62 ₱ 196 lbs, the former is now generally held higher. The inspections of the week ending the 9th inst. are 2142 bbls Flour, 494 bbls Rye do, 670 bbls Corn Meal and 119 puncheons do.

GRAIN—The receipts of Wheat have been very light, and with a good demand for milling, prices are fully ¢ bus better, sales reaching some 10,000 bus, in lots, at 153@158c for reds, and 175@185c for whites, the latter of fine quality, in store and afloat, the market closing firm at our highest figures. Rye is better, and all offered about 5000 bus Pennsylvania, found buyers at 87@90c., it is wanted to-day at the latter rate. Corn is also better, and about 45,000 bus mostly Southern Yellow, have been disposed of at 76@77c, afloat, including White and Yellow, we quote to-day at our highest figures. Oats are scarce and wanted, and 3000 bus Delaware and Pennsylvania have been taken at 52@52c, chiefly at 60c, afloat, which is an advance.

BARK—The demand in Quercitron is active, and all offered, 150@200 bbls, have been disposed of, part before arrival, mostly at 42 for first No 1, including some lots on private terms, said to be at something more. No Tanners' Bark arriving or sales as yet.

BEESWAX—Some further sales of Yellow are reported at 26½ ₱ lb, at which rate it is scarce and wanted.

COAL—There is no new feature to note in the trade; business is only moderate, and prices about the same; several cargoes of Bituminous Coal have been disposed of at 182@17c ₱ ton, but these rates are hardly obtainable now.

CANDLES—Sperm is in demand, and 1 of further sales of 2500 boxes only mince at equal to 25c, 4 mos. Not much doing in other kinds, and sales limited.

COFFEE—Stocks are light, and holders very firm in their demands, but the difference in the views of buyers and sellers limits operations, and only about 2000 bags, chiefly Rio, have been disposed of in lots at from 10½@10c, on time.

COPPER—There is very little doing, and prices are about as at our r.

COTTON—Notwithstanding the high rates now current at the South, the unfavorable tenor of the foreign news has depressed the market, and prices have ruled unsettled and in favor of the buyers, who take hold only in small lots to supply their immediate wants. Sales include about 950 bales in lots at 10 31c for Uplands, and 1400 bales for Gulf, cash and time, but our highest figures are not obtainable for the largest parcels in a small way for ship purposes at 10½@11c.

DRUGS AND DYES—The transactions of the past week have been moderate without any material change in prices.

FISH—There is a fair inquiry for Mackerel, and the market being very bare of stock, prices tend upwards. Store prices range at $13@14 for medium to $12@13 for No 2, and $10@11 for No 3. Upland prices are nominal. Shad are quiet, but not offered freely, and prices are unchanged. Herring are in moderate supply, and sales of Shore at $3@3,25 ₱ 100 lbs. Salmon are in request, with further sales of Alewives and Peaches, mostly of the former at full rates.

GINGER—About 100 bs African sold to go out of the market as a prize not public.

GUANO—The market is unchanged, and a fair business doing in small lots.

GINSENG—There is very little offering, and we hear of nothing doing, in the way of sales, to establish quotations, which are nearly nominal.

HEMP—Nothing doing, and the market very inactive.

HIDES—Coatings dull and unsettled; the stock in first hands is light, but buyers come forward slowly, and the only sale to note is of about 10,000 Rio Africans, a late import, taken to go East at a private bargain.

HOPS—Are steady, with a small business to note at 25@26c for Eastern, and 18@20c for Western, as in quality.

IRON—Pig iron are steady, but the demand for Pig Metal has fallen off, and sales are mostly limited to lots from store at $28, $28 and $29 for the three numbers of Anthracite Pig Metal, and that Scotch Pig continues scarce, but there is little or no inquiry about it in the way of sales. Bar is unaffected from the transactions are also limited, and quotations about the same.

LEAD—The stock is light, and we are advised of a small sale of Virginia at 5c,5½ the ton lbs, equal to cash. A sale of 100 tons Spanish is also reported at a private bargain.

LEATHER—There is very little movement in the market, and prices are unsettled in favor of the buyer.

LUMBER—There is a fair business doing in White and Yellow Pine Boards at from $15 to $16 for the former, and $13@15 for the latter. Hemlock raft lumber is more plenty, and sells at $3. Shingles continue dull; of Laths several cargoes of Eastern have been sold at $1,37½@1,50 ₱ M, mostly at the latter rate for good quality.

MOLASSES—Cuba is wanted, but most of the recent arrivals have been disposed of previously at full prices. About 100 hhds were sold early in the week at 32c for clayed, and 34@35c for Cuba Muscovado, on time.

NAVAL STORES—Rosin continues scarce, and we are advised of sales of about 1200 bbls, mostly low grades No 2 at $2,70@2,75 ₱ bbl. No change in Tar and Pitch, and sales to-day of Spirits Turpentine in either lower, as is having been made at 42c cash, and a trifle more at a time.

OILS—There is more doing in Linseed Oil, and prices range at 78@79c cash, as to pkg; there is nothing new in other kinds, and a fair business doing in Sperm and Whale at steady rates. Lard Oil is firm, but quiet. Of Palm Oil about 20,000 lbs African, a direct import, was sold on terms not public.

PLASTER—But little arriving. Several sales of ship were made early in the week at $4 ₱ ton.

PROVISIONS—The market for the Hog product generally closes firm under the more favorable advices from the West, but there is not much doing as yet in the way of sales. Stocks and receipts continue light, and some 2000 bbls Mess Pork have been sold privately at $15 for city packed. Beef is steady; a sale of 100 bbls Mess was made at $13, delivered at navy yard, and sells in a small way for ship stores at $10 ₱ bbl. Bacon has been selling as wanted at 12@13c for plain and fancy Hams; 12@12c for sides, and 10@10c for Shoulders. Green Meats are inquired for, but buyers and sellers are apart in their views at the close. Some 3 casks have changed hands at 10@10c for Hams, 11@11c for sides, and 9@10c for Shoulders, mess terms. Lard is more generally sought after, and some 100 bbls have been sold at 11@11½c, cash and time. Butter is scarce and in request, with further sales of Apples and Peaches, mostly of the former at full rates.

RICE—Is firm, but the sales are mostly in a small way at 4½c @ ₱ lb for good to prime.

SALT—The market is unchanged, but we have no arrivals or sales to notice this week.

SEEDS—The active season is about over, and there is very little Clover seed offering or wanted, a few small lots only having been disposed of at $2,25@2,37½ from first hand, and $7,50 from second hands. Timothy is also quiet, and, in the absence of any force of sellers, quotations are merely nominal. Fla

## TOBACCO.

### DID DANIEL WEBSTER USE IT?

"Sublime tobacco! which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labor or the Turkman's rest;
Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides
His hours, and rivals opium and his brides;
Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,
Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand;
Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,
When sipped with amber, mellow, rich and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress,
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far,
Thy naked beauties—give me a cigar!"

So sings Byron in his poem—the Island—on the mutiny of the Bounty, which resulted in the peopling of Pitcairn's Island. He evidently had no prophetic or poetic vision of the mission of the Rev. Mr. Trask, who has undertaken to demonstrate that half the ills that infest mankind, have their origin in the use of the weed.

A paragraph is going the rounds of the newspapers, stating that Daniel Webster never used tobacco, and had a great aversion to it. A correspondent in Essex County, calling our attention to this statement informs us, that during several pedestrian excursions which he made with Mr. Webster, during the latter years of that statesman's life, Mr. Webster used "Anderson's Solace"—a species of chewing tobacco—very freely. He also smoked cigars, and occasionally took snuff, immediately previous to his annual attack of catarrh.

In Mr. Webster's private correspondence, recently edited by his son, Fletcher Webster, we find the following reference to tobacco, in the letters written by him at the age of twenty:—

"I expect to meet many disappointments in the prosecution of the law. I find I have calculated too largely on the profession. For this reason I have engaged a new auxiliary to support me under mortifications; it is tobacco. I have heard much of philosophical fortitude, but never knew what it was, unless it be a sullen unfeelingness, a cold temper, or inhuman heart. But tobacco inspires courage of another kind, deliberate, yet immovable; affectionate and feeling, yet despising danger. Since I have used this great catholicon, I suspect that Cato and John Rogers were not unacquainted with the virtues of the goodly leaf; else whence derived they their firmness? Oh! tobacco, how many hearts hast thou saved from the destructions of coquetry! How many throats of bankrupts hast thou preserved from their own penknives!

"Come then, tobacco, new found friend,
Come and thy suppliant attend,
In each dull, lonely hour;
And though misfortunes lie around,
Thicker than hailstones on the ground,
I'll rest upon thy power.

"Then, while the coxcomb, pert and proud,
The politician, learned and loud,
Keep one eternal clack,
I'll tread where silent nature smiles,
Where solitude our woes beguiles,
And chew thee, dear tobac."

This outburst of enthusiasm was in a letter to his friend and classmate, Mr. Bingham, under date of September 22, 1801. A sequel, with which many an aspiring youngster, who has tried to master the mysteries of tobacco, can heartily sympathize, is briefly narrated in a subsequent letter to the same correspondent, under date of October 26, 1801:—"As for my *new friend*, tobacco, he is like most of that name; he has made me twice sick and is now dismissed." Eight months later, however, in a letter to Mr. Fuller, dated June 11, 1802, we find Mr. Webster speaking of lighting his cigar, preparatory to a stroll among the meadows. We believe that no further mention of tobacco occurs in his private correspondence.—*Boston Transcript.*

HUGH MILLER'S VIEWS ON THE CREATION AND DELUGE.—In his early writings, the late Hugh Miller was content with the six days of twenty-four hours each for the work of creation, which satisfied the minds of Chalmers and of Buckland. Upon this he says, in a preface to the volume, which was his last work, "My labors at the time as a practical geologist had been very much restricted to the Palæozoic and Secondary rocks, more especially to the Old Red and Carboniferous Systems of the one division, and the Oolitic System of the other; and the long extinct organisms which I found in them certainly did not conflict with the view of Chalmers. All I found necessary at the time to the work of reconciliation, was some scheme that would permit me to assign to the earth a high antiquity, and to regard it as the scene of many succeeding creations. During the last nine years, however, I have spent a few weeks every Autumn in exploring the late formations, and acquainting myself with their peculiar organisms. I have traced them upward from the raised beaches and old coast lines of the human period, to the brick clays, Clyde beds, and drift and boulder deposits of the Pleistocene era, and again from these, with the help of museums and collections, up through the mammaliferous crag of England, to its Red and its Coral crags. And the conclusion at which I have been compelled to arrive is, that in exact accordance with that of our most philosophical geologists, we must accept the Mosaic days as periods, must expect no scientific revelations in the Bible, must receive without fear the proved facts of geology, must admit, for instance, the belief that the whole earth has not at any time since man was made been covered by an universal deluge."

THE TOBACCO QUESTION.—The *Lancet*, the English medical journal in which the recent discussion of the tobacco question has been conducted, sums up the debate as follows:—"1. Let us briefly recapitulate—1. To smoke early in the day is excess. 2. As people are generally constituted, to smoke more than one or two pipes of tobacco, or one or two cigars daily is excess. 3. Youthful indulgence in smoking is excess. 4. There are physiological indications which, occurring in any individual case, are criteria of excess. We most earnestly desire to see the habit of smoking diminish, and we entreat the youth of this country to abandon it altogether. Let them lay our advice to heart. Let them give up a dubious pleasure for a certain good. Ten years hence we shall receive their thanks."

The governing Council of the Canton of Berne have just enacted that young men, who are as yet unconfirmed (confirmation is administered in Switzerland between the fifteenth and sixteenth year), are prohibited from using tobacco. The Council state that they have come to this determination in consequence of the deleterious effects of tobacco on the human frame.

PREVENTION OF PITTING IN SMALLPOX.—Mr. Startin, the senior surgeon to the Surrey Hospital for Diseases of the Skin, has communicated to the Medical Times a very important plan, which he has adopted during the last fourteen years, for preventing pitting to smallpox, and which, he states, has always proved successful. The plan consists in applying the *acetum cantharidis* or any vesicating fluid, by means of a camel-hair brush, to the apex of each spot or pustule of the disease, on all the exposed surfaces of the body, until blistering is evidenced by the whiteness of the skin in the parts subjected to the application, when the fluid producing it is to be washed off with water or thin arrow-root gruel. The pain attending the application of the vesicating fluid is very slight and transient.

☞ If thou wouldst bear thy neighbor's faults, cast thine eyes upon thine own.—*Molinos.*


## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of
DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. York.
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## NEWS ITEMS.

POLYGAMY.—"Is it a fact or a fancy that, where polygamy prevails, there are more females born than males?" It seems to be a fact, whatever may be the physiological explanation. Late reports from Utah confirm this opinion. The law which determines sex, though much studied, is not well understood. There is, however, a law, without doubt.—*Phrenological Journal.*

ROBINSON CRUSOE.—In the neighborhood of Shotley Bridge, England, there is a farmer, now verging on the decline of years, who has never in his life read any book but *Robinson Crusoe*. During the busy summer months he reads nothing at all; but when the long evenings come on after harvest home, and bring with them hours of fireside leisure, he betakes himself to his cherished volume, and goes through it with renewed gusto, never tiring of the boy Xury, the man Friday, the old Spaniard, Will Atkin, Friday's father, or the wolves of the Pyrenees, but liking them more and more as he grows older. It is said he has already worn out several copies of what may almost be termed his primer.

THE EMPEROR'S DREAMS.—It is reported in Paris that the Emperor dreams every night that he sees three rats—one fat, one lean, and one blind. The following very curious interpretation of this dream is said to have been given by a personage who was invited to speak frankly:—"The interpretation of your dream, sire, is plain; the fat rat signifies the courtiers who bask in the sunshine of your favor; the lean rat is the people, who find the necessaries of life dearer and dearer every day; and the blind rat is yourself, who do not see that the lean rat will soon eat up the fat one, and the blind one too."—*Daily News.*

KING BOMBA.—The sapient King of Naples was first named *Bomba* by his Sicilian subjects during the Sicilian revolution of 1848-49, from his having "bombarded" or "shelled" (*Bomba* meaning shell) Messina, Palermo, and other cities of Sicily. At Catania, and other places, the word "Bomba" was stamped on dollars bearing the head of the present king; and these dollars were current during the revolution, but called in and destroyed on the king obtaining possession again of Sicily.

SNOW DRIFTS ON MAY DAY.—The drifts, says the Hartford (Conn.) Times, of the 1st inst., are still deep in Norfolk and the hilly portions of the State along the Massachusetts line, although it is now the 1st of May. On Wednesday, we learn by the post riders, the snow was five feet deep in the road in the northwest part of Norfolk, and travel was still impeded, while the drifts in New Marlboro', over the Massachusetts line, were six feet deep.

IT seems that the celebrated Rammohun Roy, of India, left a talented son, a great lawyer, who is so beset with clients, that his practice brings him 5,000 rupees a month. His name is Baboo Ramaprasad Roy.

IN some parts of Iowa, there is great suffering for want of fodder, and large numbers of cattle were dying in consequence. There is no hay, and corn is $1,50 a bushel.

THE navigation of Lake Pepin is at length open, and a fleet of thirty-five vessels, which had been detained, waiting for the occurrence, have gone up to St. Paul, heavily laden with goods and passengers.

THE report about Fort Dodge being surrounded by Indians, is pronounced a hoax.

FUNNY DECREE.—The Imperial direction of the theatres at Vienna, which recently directed that female dancers were to wear long, loose trowsers, has just rescinded the order, as, according to the words of the decree, the said garment is "impracticable and unæsthetic."

A PLANTATION FOR EX-PRESIDENT PIERCE.—VICKSBURG, Miss., May 6th.—The Whig of this morning, states that ninety-six thousand dollars ($96,000) were subscribed in this city yesterday, towards purchasing a plantation for Ex-President Pierce. The sum asked for the property is $100,000, leaving $4,000 yet to be subscribed in order to complete the purchase.

HORSES WITHOUT MANES.—The Persian Ambassador at Paris, Perouk Khan, has just presented to Louis Napoleon, four Arab horses, of the purest blood, from his master the Shah. The peculiarities are two—that they are larger than any blood horses hitherto seen, and that they have no manes. Paris was very much delighted with the beauty of these animals.

THE SUPREME COURT of Iowa, have given a decision which is diametrically opposed to the ruling of Chief Justice Taney in the Dred Scott case. The Iowa decision is that a slave, who by the permission, consent, and knowledge of his owner, left Missouri, and settled in Iowa, became free under the effect of the transit.

DISEASED HOG MEAT.—Two men were arrested recently in Baltimore, in charge of two wagons containing about thirty dead hogs, intended for market, all of which had been dismissed. The carcasses were all dressed and ready for sale, but were utterly unfit for food. The men stated that they were employed to drive the meat to market from a distillery on the Ferry Road. That place being searched, there were found forty-nine carcasses of diseased hogs dressed and prepared for market. So we learn from the Baltimore Clipper. The hog cholera is creating an excitement not only out West, but in New York and the Eastern States. At Brighton, on Monday week, the alarm was so great, that 2,500 hogs offered for sale met with no buyers at any price. In Greenbush we understand that the sick hogs arriving from Illinois and Ohio amount to one hundred and fifty a day. A large number of them are slaughtered in the village, and sent to New York and Boston. Some say the cause of the disease is the strychnine in the slop of the whiskey distillers—others deny it.

HEN-PERSUADERS.—The Springfield Republican, in speaking of a new invention for a hen's nest, whereby the eggs drop through a trap-door, and so deceives the hen that she keeps on laying, is responsible for the following:

"Blobbs met with a loss, however, with one of the persuaders. Blobbs had a lovely young Shanghae pullet, of boundless ambition. Blobbs bought a persuader, and his lovely Shanghae used it. She went upon the nest in the morning. Blobbs saw her go, and his heart bounded within him! Alas! he never saw her come off again. At night he visited the persuader. In the upper compartment was a handfull of feathers, a few toe-nails, and a bill. In the lower compartment were three dozen and eleven eggs! Blobbs saw it all! Her delicate constitution had been unequal to the effort; and, fired by young ambition, she had laid herself all away."

JEWS CHANGING THEIR SABBATH.—AN Israelite in the Charleston Mercury contradicts the report that a movement is on foot among the Israelites of Baltimore to change their Sabbath, and celebrate that of their Christian brethren. The Israelites of Baltimore have, as their brethren in most of the large cities of the United States, established a Sunday school for the religious instruction of their young, and hence the erroneous statement. There is, thus far, but one Jewish congregation in the world that worships on the Christian Sabbath—the Reform Congregation of Berlin, in Prussia; but no such congregation exists in the United States. It is true, an attempt was made some three years ago to establish one at Baltimore, but it broke down after a few months.

BUTTERFLIES IN AMBER.—Some new articles have just been issued from the hands of French artisans—such as brooches, bracelets, and other ornaments—which are highly curious elaborations of art. The discovery consists in the art of fixing butterflies and other insects in amber. The natural colors of the insect are preserved, and the amber taking a high polish, and being transparent as crystal, the effect is that of the most beautiful enamel. The rose beetle thus preserved, is a most beautiful imitation of the Egyptian scarabæus.

CAUTION TO THOSE HAVING COLDS.—The Richmond Despatch says: Some few weeks since a negro man named Albert, in the service of Messrs. Crew & Pemberton, in attempting to blow his nose, forced one of his eyeballs from the socket. The negro was in good health at the time, and experienced no excessive pain by the accident. He was immediately placed under the care of Dr. Hancock, and is now doing well. The case is certainly a novel one, but is nevertheless true.

DESTRUCTION OF CATERPILLARS.—In Andover, Mass., last year, 83 premiums were offered to the boy who would destroy the largest number of caterpillars' nests. The consequence was that 20,000 nests were destroyed. This year $15 are offered in similar premiums.


WESLEY GRINDLE, M. D.,
PHILADELPHIA. LATE OF NEW YORK.
Office No. 25 North 15th Street, between Filbert and Arch.

One success in the treatment of Chronic diseases, especially Pulmonary Consumption, is now, we believe, well established fact, and this notice is designed merely to inform the public of our change of location. Persons needing the sympathy and kindness of a medical adviser, and often at medical treatment, are invited to call. No charge for consultation. Those addressing us by letter must state age, sex, married or single, when the indisposition or disease has existed, hereditary or not, and the symptoms. They need not describe the symptoms in their own unprofessional style, as they might make mistakes if they should attempt to use medical language. All such letters must contain five dollars, which will pay for a book, entitled NEW MEDICAL REVELATIONS, in a popular work of great interest and worth, and is already spoken of in the highest terms by the best men both in and out of the profession. Price, One Dollar. It can be had of us, and is sent by mail to every part of the country on receipt of the price. And four letter stamps to pay the postage. It may save the life of misery. it

SUBLUNARY BLISS.—
When at even thou sit'st reclining,
By thy quiet homestead door,
And the Sun's last rays are shining
On the smooth and polished floor—
When thy thoughts are homeward tending,
Free from subsistence woes,
And thou listenest, no unwilling,
To the lowing of the kine;
Then may'st thou enjoy a cup of comfort,
Then may "Hudson's choice" constrain thee,
To wise resolves, like other folks,
And no terrestrial cares restrain thee
From coming at night to Granville & Sykes'
Fashionable Clothing Emporium, No. 607 (late 203) Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

☞ EMPLOYMENT FOR THE YEAR.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29-tf

ROOT GALLERY.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. oct1 tf

SAID A SAGACIOUS GENIUS, "When you arrive to the density of sawing wood, Lafayette, if you is ever elevated to that ere profession, mind and saw the biggest sticks first. Course you'll only have the ile to paw when you get tuckered out. Now you vots pic. as I 'spect you'll live to eat the first fruit, even the rarest shell's acted thing to crop off with, especial y if it is tough and thick; and very soon make a regular elegant suit of clothes, don't be put off with anything less than them ile y suits at Rockhill & Wilson's, Nos. 603 and 605 (new style), Chestnut Street, above Sixth, Philada."

ONLY THOSE WHO HAVE SUFFERED ALL THE MISERIES OF DYSPEPSIA in its various forms, can appreciate the value of a medicine that will cure this disease. To all who would find a remedy we say, try the *Oxygenated Bitters.*

☞ WE CALL ATTENTION to Prof. Wood's "Hair Restorative" advertisement. Without doubt the only reliable preparation ever offered to the public as such, and has given universal satisfaction. The Professor has the testimonials of hundreds of cases cured by this infallible restorative, and we can cordially recommend it to all who need to use this valuable preparation.—*Cincinnati Daily Sun.*
Sold by all Druggists.

FINE, beautiful Hair—jet black or brown—
Or tresses curling and golden
Is the certain result—without chance or doubt—
Of the use of LYON'S KATHAIRON.

The immense sale of LYON'S KATHAIRON—nearly 1,000,000 bottles per year—stands as excellence and universal popularity. The ladies universally pronounce it the finest and most agreeable article ever used. It restores the hair after it has fallen out—invigorates and beautifies it, making it soft, curly and glossy—eradicates from all scurf and dandruff—and imparts to it a delightful perfume. Sold by all dealers everywhere, for 25 cents per bottle.
*Beware of counterfeits.* HEATH, WYNKOOP & Co.,
Proprietors and Manufacturers of Perfumery of all kinds, 23 Liberty St., New York. apl-tf

TO NERVOUS SUFFERERS.—A retired clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of great nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. John M. Dagnall, No. 59 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. tf


## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices cannot always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Thursday, 7th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Suddards, J. WILLIAM JONES, to EMMA MARGARET, all of this city.
On Tuesday morning, the 29th ultimo, at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, by the Rev. Henry S. Spackman, Dennis J. Vaughan, of Wilmington, Del. to Miss MARY MARDEN, of Chester county, Pa.
On the 12th ultimo, by the Rev. A. G. Warren, Mr. JOSEPH T. TIFFANY, of Susquehanna county, to Miss ORPHA A. daughter of Josiah Kennedy, Esq. of Luzerne county, Pa. New York papers please copy.
On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. EDWARD R. SNOW, to Miss ANNA T. LAVIS, both of this city.
On the 30th ultimo, by the same, Mr. THOMAS GAMBLE, to Miss MARY A. FAUNCE, both of this city.
On the 29th Dec. last, by the Rev. George A. Durborow, Mr. CHARLES H. BANTON, late of Lower Merion, to Miss MATILDA W. WILLS, of Philadelphia.
On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. Albert Barns, Mr. S. V. THUNE, of Maryland, to Miss MARY T. PHILLER, of Philadelphia.
On the 6th instant, by John G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. JAMES GRAY, to Miss MARY J. EDWARDS, both of this city.
On the 8th ultimo, by the Rev. Andrew Monship, Mr. JOSEPH E. HARTMAN, to Miss MARY E. WICKERSHAM both of this city.
On the 3d instant, by the Rev. George Chandler, Mr. ANDREW BURRER, to Miss ELIZABETH TILL.
On the 13th of Feb. by the Rev. C. F. Turner, Mr. DAVID EGBERT, to Miss ELIZABETH BURLINGAME, both of this city.
On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Mr. PETER L. KEEL, to Miss KATE HOW, adopted daughter of the late Wm. F. Wyckoff, Esq.
On the 5th ultimo, by the Rev. William O. Johnstone, Mr. JAMES CRAIG, to Miss FANNY J. MACNUTT.
On the 5th ultimo, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. THOMAS W. WALLACE, of Cecil county, Md. to Miss MARY ANN CHAMBERS, of Lower, Delaware.
On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Robert Armstrong, Mr. WILLIAM ARBOTT, to Miss AGNES YOUNG, both of this city.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22d of April last, at Dover, Portage county, Wisconsin, JOSEPH M. MORGAN, Esq. in the 86th year of his age, formerly of N. Jersey.
On the 6th instant, MARY A. WETZEL, aged 2 years.
On the 6th instant, DANIEL MURPHY, Sr. aged 76 years.
On the 5th instant, CHARLES N. MCELROY aged 25 years.
On the 8th instant, PETER RAFFERTY, aged 50 years.
At Burlington, N. J. on the 4th instant, MARY H. JENNESS, aged 43 years.
On the 4th instant, WILLIAM M. COLLADAY, aged 39.
On the 8th instant, CHARLES G. JAMES, aged 21 years.
On the 5th instant, WILLIAM H. son of Hugh and Louisa Purvis, aged 14 years.
On the 5th instant, MATILDA ELMER, wife of Thomas J. Culbertson, aged 28 years.
On the 5th instant, Mr. DANIEL REMICK, aged 55 years.
On the 30 instant, Mrs. HANNAH A. CORLISS, aged 50.
At New Orleans, on the 30th ultimo, DAVID S. BROOKBANK, of this city, aged 24 years and 3 months.
On the 4th instant, JANE S. wife of Chas. Famous.
On the 5th instant, Mrs. HANNAH DAILY aged 62 years.
On the 4th instant, HANNAH HEAVENS, aged 77 years.
On the 8th instant, MARY C. wife of Nicholas G. Miley, aged 29 years.
On the 3d instant, CHARLES L. WALTON, aged 48 years.
On the 4th instant, SARAH H. wife of H. B. Johnson, aged 27 years.
On the 4th instant, Mr. JOHN M. PLANCE, aged 84 years.
On the 2d instant, NAOMI A. daughter of Wm. and Hannah Scattergood, aged 15 years.
On the 1st instant, HELEN ELIZABETH, daughter of Elizabeth Hall, aged 19 years.
On the 3d instant, JULIA M'DONNELL, aged 35 years.
In Woodbury, on the 4th instant, Mr. EDWARD PIERSON, aged 54 years.
On the 4th instant, Mrs. JULIA FRIES, aged 88 years.
On the 2d instant, CATHARINE CROMBIE, aged 38 years.
On the 3d instant, JOHN W. COYLE, aged 23 years.
On the 3d instant, JAMES NUGENT, aged 16 years.
On the 3d instant, THOMAS CURRY, aged 25 years.
On the 1st instant, PETER YEAGER, Jr. aged 27 years.

## BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,
*No. 29 South Third Street.*
PHILADELPHIA, May 9, 1857.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **Pennsylvania.** | | **North Carolina.** | |
| Solvent bks | par to ¼ dis | Solv bks | ¼ to 1½ dis |
| Relief notes | ¾ dis | Small notes | 2 dis |
| Lancaster bk | 4½ dis | **Georgia.** | |
| Erie City bk | 35 dis | Old bks | ¾ dis |
| Bk of Newcastle | 60 dis | New bks | 2 to 5 dis |
| **New Jersey.** | | Bk Columbus | no sale |
| Solvent bks | par to ¼ dis | Bk of Milledgville | no sale |
| Merch bk Bridgeton | 25 dis | Mech & Mech bk Columbus | no sale |
| Mech bk Glouc'r bk Newton | 25 dis | Planters' and Mech's bk, Dalton | no sale |
| Commercial Bk, Perth Amboy, | failed | **South Carolina.** | |
| **Delaware.** | | Solv bks | ¼ dis |
| Solvent bks | par | **Alabama.** | |
| Under 5 s | ½ dis | Bk of Mobile | 1 dis |
| **Maryland.** | | Other solv bks | 5 dis |
| Valley bk Hagerstown | no sale | **Mississippi.** | |
| Solvent bks | par to ¼ dis | All bks | uncertain |
| Par & Mech bk Georgetown | 1 dis | **Louisiana.** | |
| **District of Columbia.** | | Solv bks | 1 dis |
| Exchange bk | 20 dis | **Ohio.** | |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | Solv bks | 1 dis |
| **New York.** | | Bk of Cincinnati | 55 dis |
| Solv bks | par to ¼ dis | Canal bk | 3 dis |
| 8th Avenue bk | 3 dis | **Kentucky.** | |
| Knickerbocker bk | 1½ dis | Solv bks | 1 dis |
| Far bk Onondaga | 25 dis | **Indiana.** | |
| Mar & Man bk Oswego | 30 dis | New solvent bks | 2 dis |
| Far bk Buffalo | 10 dis | State bk | 1 dis |
| Niagara City bk | 1½ dis | Shawnee bk, Alton, | no sale |
| Central bk | 1½ dis | Greenberry bk, Lafayette | " |
| Champlain bk | no sale | Other bks | 5 to 80 dis |
| **Maine.** | | **Illinois.** | |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | Peoples bk, Carmi, | 20 dis |
| Bk of Hallowell | 2½ dis | Rushville bk, Rushville, | 20 dis |
| Kennebunk bk | 60 dis | Solvent bks | 5 dis |
| Mariners' bk Bangor | 15 dis | Agricultural bk | 20 dis |
| Canton bk South Cams | no sale | Amer Ex bk | 20 dis |
| Exchange bk | no sale | Bk Commonwealth | 20 dis |
| Hancock bk | 25 dis | **Missouri.** | |
| **New Hampshire.** | | Solv bks | 1 dis |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | **Tennessee.** | |
| Lancaster bk | allowed | Bk of East Tenn | no sale |
| Exeter bk | failed | River Bank | no sale |
| **Vermont.** | | Solv bks | 2 dis |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | Small notes | 2½ dis |
| South Royalton bk | 2 dis | Central bk | no sale |
| **Connecticut.** | | Farmers' and Mech's bk, Memphis | no sale |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | New bks | 2 to 5 dis |
| **Massachusetts.** | | **Michigan.** | |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | Solv bks | 2 dis |
| **Rhode Island.** | | **Arkansas.** | |
| Solv bks | ¼ dis | All bks | no sale |
| Bk Rep of Providence | 70 dis | **Wisconsin.** | |
| **Canada.** | | Solv bks | 2 dis |
| Solv bks | 2 dis | **Texas.** | |
| Zimmerman | 5 dis | Commercial & Agricultural bk Galveston | 5 dis |
| **Virginia.** | | | |
| Solv bks | ¼ to ½ dis | | |
| Bk of Kanawha | 10 dis | | |
| Cory's Alexandria | 5 dis | | |


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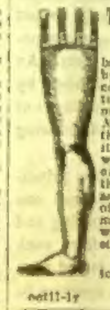
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# Wit and Humor.

## THE DUTCH WIDOWER.

"Mine frow vos no better as she ort to be till shust before she diet; then she was so good as before," remarked Mr. Vanderhoard to his neighbor.

"Your wife was an amiable woman, and you do great injustice to her memory," said Mr. Pluggins.

"Vel, vat you know so much about mine frow?"

"I was not intimately acquainted with her, but I am sure that all her acquaintances loved her."

"Vot right had they to love her? Maybe—"

"Maybe what?"

"Maybe you love mine frow, too?"

"Why do you speak so strangely?"

"Vy, von day a pig man shust like you came into our house, and kissed mine frow right before her face."

"Were you present at the time?"

"To pe sure I vos."

"Well, what did you do?"

"I kicked him right pehind his pack."

"Did he resent it?"

"Yaw; he broke me and te looking-glass, and all the rest of the crockery in te house, 'cept the feldter ped, into smash!"

"What did you do then?"

"Then I cried muter! muter! muter! and I called for the shudge, and the shury, and to the policee office and constoble to come; and he rund avay!"

"Do you intend to charge me with taking such unwarrantable libertios with the companion of your bosom?"

"Me no scharge nothing for it now, pecaus she pe tead and perried."

"I will not allow you to make such insinuations. You are an old tyrant, and everybody said you was glad your wife died."

"Everybody pe one tam liar."

"I saw no symptoms of sorrow."

"Me felt more worsht tan if my best cow had tied."

"Your cow! What a comparison!"

"She vos a great loss—a heavy loss—for she was pig as dat (spreading out his arm), and she weighed more tan two hundred pounds."

"Look out, old man, or you will see trouble—I doubt if your wife was ever kissed by any man after her marriage. At all events, you must apologise for what you have said of me."

"Vot is pologize?"

"You must beg my pardon, and say you are sorry; if you do not, I will enter a complaint against you, and have you arrested."

"I pe sorry, ton."

"Sorry for what?"

"Sorry you kissed mine frow."

"You incorrigible idiot!" That is not what you must say; for I never did such a thing in my life."

"Must I say I pe sorry that you never do such a thing?"

"No—you must take back what you have said."

While the Dutchman was in this dilemma, his friend Hans Hamburger came along, and finally succeeded in reconciling the parties, when the trio adjourned to a neighboring coffee-house.

---

How to get a Feather Bed.—The following extract is from Lover's Handy Andy:—"In carrying off the small thing of a feather bed, Jake Take, the bold burglar, showed the skill of a high practitioner, for he descended the stairs backwards." "Backwards!" exclaimed Larry Hogan; "what's that for?" "You'll see by and by," said Croggins. "He descended backwards, when suddenly he heard the door opening, and a female voice exclaiming—'Where are you going with that bed?' 'I'm going up stairs with it, ma'am,' said Jake, whose backward position favored his lie, and he began to walk up again. 'Come down,' said the lady, 'we want no bed here, man.' 'Mr. Sullivan, ma'am, sent me home with it himself,' said Jake. 'Come down, I tell you,' said the lady in a rage, 'there's no Mr. Sullivan here.' 'I beg your pardon, my lady,' said Jake; then turning round and marching off with his bed fair and easy. Well, there was a regular shillilo in the house when the thing was found out, and cart-ropes wouldn't hold the lady for the rage she was in."

---

Washington Dromios.—A gentleman in Washington, (says the *Union*,) whose east and west neighbors bears the euphonious name of "Smith," has an intelligent Irish hand maiden. A few mornings since a person rang his door bell, and inquired of this servant whether Mr. Smith lived there. "He does not," was the prompt reply; "he lives next door." "On which side?" asked the visitor." "On both sides, your honor, you can't miss him." "But he is a clerk," continued the anxious inquirer. "Shure, and they're both clerks," was eagerly returned.

---

Highly Intelligent.—*Irishman*, (stepping up to the clerk of a Post Office in a town in Illinois)—There is a letter advertised for me.

*Clerk*, (supposing it to be in the last advertisement, after looking)—No, it's not here; when did you see it advertised?

*Irishman*.—On the 15th December.

*Clerk* (looking again)—No, it is not here; what paper did you see it in?

*Irishman*.—In a Pittsburg paper.

---

Graceful and Witty.—When the celebrated Joseph Lancaster was in Washington, he delivered a lecture in the House of Representatives, from the Speaker's chair. Mr. Clay, then Speaker, complimented him by saying the chair had never been filled so well. Mr. Lancaster modestly replied, that "Man in his best estate, was of very little account: that the Speaker's chair had never been filled with *anything better than Clay!*"

---

Room for an Inference.—*Lawyer C.*—(entering his friend, Dr. M——'s office, and speaking in a hoarse whisper.)—Fred, I've got such a cold this morning, I can't speak the truth.

*Dr. M.*—Well, I'm glad it's nothing that will interfere with your business.

(C. finds enough of his voice to mutter some antiquated remarks about doctors being legalized murderers, &c., and bolts off to meet an engagement.)

---

Watering Place Dialogue.—*Frenchman*—Madame, you charge ver mooch too big price for zat room.

*Landlady*.—Oh, you know we at the watering-places must make hay while the sun shines."

*Frenchman* (indignant)—Be gar, madame, you will nevare make no hay of me. You must not zink zat because all flesh is grass, zat you can make hay of me!

## "IN FAVOR OF THE HOG!"

In the good old county of C——, State of Alabama, there lived one John Smith, who, unlike the remainder of his small family, was peculiarly afflicted with a want of discrimination between his own things and those of other persons, or who, rather, was ignorant of the laws relating to "*meum et tuum*." Now, once on a time, the said John Smith, while laboring under a severe attack of the above named disease, and being further impelled by the vociferations of an empty stomach, went under the cover of night, and feloniously took and carried away from his neighbor's pen, a shoat, valued at one dollar and fifty cents, with the intention of appropriating the same to his own use. But, unfortunately, Johnny was detected, and in due course of time was carried before Judge P——, for trial. The witnesses were introduced, and the fact of the theft was proved beyond the shadow of a doubt. The jury retired to make up their verdict, to an adjacent grove of trees, and were not out long before they returned with a verdict of "guilty of hog stealin' in fust degree."

The Judge told them that their verdict was proper, except that they had omitted to assess the value of the property stolen, and that there was no degree to hog stealing, and to retire again, and bring in their verdict in "proper form."—Again they retired, with pen, ink and paper, but rather nonplussed with regard to "*form*." They pondered deeply over what he meant by "*form*." At last, old W. Jim Turner, who had been Justice of the Peace in Georgia, with a bright countenance, and a sly-wink, as much as to say, "Look at me, boys—I understand a thing or two," wrote the verdict, and returned to the Court House. One after another they filed in, old Jim in the lead, and they took their seats. Old Jim handed the verdict to the clerk, with anxious pomposity, and sat down. Judge of the laughter when the clerk read the following—

"*We, the jeury, pusillanimously, find the defendent gilty in the sum of* 1 *dollar a* 1-2 *in favor of the hog.*"

---

Story of a Restaurant Keeper.—A correspondent of the Boston Transcript, writing reminiscences of that city, mentions the keeper of an old-time restaurant, Maurice Brunswick by name. He was a Frenchman, and very skillful in cookery. But one mystery perplexed the frequenters of his celebrated establishment. It was thought very strange, that, however out of season, yet, as a particular favor, rabbits and squirrels were to be had, at this establishment, all the year round. Maurice was occasionally teased a little, for the solution of this mystery. On common occasions, his gravity was proof against the efforts of those who put any such questions, for conscience sake, or otherwise. But there was a species of fun, which lay deeply bedded in the subsoil of the fellow's heart, and which required nothing but *heat and moisture* to bring it forth. When a little cozy, and in the presence of those who he knew would work him no injury, Maurice, like some men of heavier metal, was liable to an *epranchement de cœur*; and one day, when pressed rather importunately upon this vexed question, about rabbits and squirrels, he exclaimed, between irritation and merriment—"*Vat for you care—plenty of clove, sage, peppaire, sall, all dat, plenty of the rich mushroom sauce—serve him up very hot—dem, if you know vat ish de cat, vat is de rabbit—vat ish de rat, vat ish de squirl!*"

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Everybody knows the story of the old huntsman who complained that the hounds had lost the scent, "all along of them *stinking vi'lets*." As a pendant to it we will relate the following, told us as a fact:—A certain East India captain, whose ship was at Calcutta, ordered his servant one day to clean out his cabin. He then went ashore, and returned on board in the evening. He asked the man "if he had cleaned his cabin out?" The man replied in the affirmative. "But what did you do for soap? After I got on shore I recollected that I had not left you any out?" "Oh! sir, it did not much matter," was the reply; "I found some stinking dark stuff on your wash-stand, and I used that, but there was hardly enough of it." He had scoured out his master's cabin with scented brown Windsor soap!

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Do Snakes Like Milk?—The question raised by M. Michelet, whether a snake can suck—draw milk, for example, from a woman's breast—which fact, or asserted fact, the anatomists dispute, excites an interest in many readers. A friend sends us the following, in illustration of M. Michelet's assertion: "Adder's fat is still used therapeutically in Italy, and to a speziería in some small town a peasant one day brought a basketfull of these reptiles. The basket was set aside, and at night the adders, feeling uncomfortable, perhaps, found means to escape, and one and all made for the bed of the apothecary's assistant, which was on the floor of the shop. On awaking in the morning, the young man became aware of the presence of his strange bed-fellows, and had sufficient judgment to remain perfectly still. By and by came the apothecary, astonished at not finding his shop open as usual. On learning the cause, he told the assistant not to move, and went and fetched a large dish full of boiling milk and a long stick. The dish of milk he put down in the middle of the shop, and with the long stick he waited at a convenient distance. Soon, attracted by the smell of the milk, out came the adders, and went straight to the dish; and when they raised themselves to drink, the apothecary put his stick under their bodies, and with a dexterous movement tossed them one by one into the boiling fluid. And when he was 'delivered,' said my Italian friend, the young man died of joy. The last fact is unimportant. The question is, whether snakes like milk. But, perhaps, I shall be told that they cannot smell. I do not know. I only 'tell the tale as it was told to me.'" And we, also, give the story—a pretty story—for what it is worth.—*London Athenæum*.

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The First Protestant Church in America.—The first Protestant settlement in the United States, was made at Jamestown, in Virginia, and among the earliest settlers was Capt. John Smith. He gives the following as the appearance of their first place of worship:

"When I first went to Virginia, I well remember wee did hang an awning (which is an old saile) to three or foure trees to shadowe us from the Sunne; our walls were raies of wood, our seats unhewed trees, till we cut plankes; our Pulpit a bar of wood nailed to two neighboring trees; in foule weather we shifted into an old rotten tent, for we had but few better, and this came by way of adventure for new. This was our church till we built a homely thing like a barne, set up cratchets, covered with rafts, sedge, and earth; so was also the walls, that could neither well defend wind or raine. Yet wee had daily Common Prayer, morning and evening, every Sunday two sermons, and every three months the Holy Communion, till our Minister died.—*Southern Churchman*.

## A YOUTHFUL PRODIGY.

——"Rose, will you have some dinner?"

Rose. "'Ave 'ad my 'inner."

——"What have you had for dinner?"

Rose. "Somet'ing that 'gins with an s:"

——"And what begins with an s?"

Rose. "Cole beef!"

# Agricultural.

## CULTURE OF STRAWBERRIES AND RASPBERRIES.

Early spring is the best time to plant the *Strawberry*; next best is just after the bearing season, while the plants are in a half dormant state from bearing, and before they take a second start—and worst of all is in autumn. In spring, every plant will grow if well set, and the bed will bear a few berries the same season. At midsummer they will mostly grow if mudded when set out, mulched and watered. If set in autumn, they will not grow any that year, will be liable to be killed by cold, and thrown out by freezing—which, however, may be partially remedied by covering the bed.

The soil should be good rich garden earth—the distance asunder about one foot or eighteen inches. The following additional directions, the best we can give in so limited a space, are copied from the Illustrated Annual Register:—

Modern cultivators divide all strawberries into two distinct classes, one being termed *staminate*, (or male,) in which the stamens are fully developed, and possess the power of fertilizing the germ; and the other being termed *pistillate*, (or female,) in which the stamens are abortive, and so small, and imperfectly developed that they fail to accomlish fertilization. By the use of a microscope it will be found that the former is abundantly supplied with pollen or fertilizing dust, while the latter is nearly or totally destitute. Hence Hovey's Seedling or any other pistillate variety, can never, or but very imperfectly, fertilize its own flowers, and the impregnation must be derived from a staminate sort.

A few staminates will fertilize many pistillates, and to prevent the intermixture of the two sorts by runners, they may be planted in alternate strips, as indicated in the following diagram, S representing the staminate and P pistillate varieties.

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| PPPP | S | PPPP | S | PPPP | SSSS |
| PPPP | S | PPPP | S | PPPP | SSSS |
| PPPP | S | PPPP | S | PPPP | SSSS |
| PPPP | S | PPPP | S | PPPP | SSSS |
| PPPP | S | PPPP | S | PPPP | SSSS |
| PPPP | S | PPPP | S | PPPP | SSSS |

The principal requisite of success in the management of these beds, is clean cultivation, keeping the runners down by hoeing or treating them precisely as weeds.

The *Raspberry*, if of quite hardy varieties, may be planted in spring or autumn; tender sorts do best if set out in spring. The distance may be about four feet. The following directions, also from the Annual Register, give distinctly the mode of cultivation:

*Soil*.—The soil should be rich, and inclining to moist. A strong, deep loam, is the only soil from which a full crop may be expected every season. But the most important requisite is *depth*, attained by deep trenching, which will go far towards affording a remedy for the natural defects of a stiff clay soil on one hand, and a dry, gravelly or sandy soil on the other. *Irrigation* has doubled the size of the berries in a few days, and more than doubled the growth of the stems in a season—showing the great importance of securing moisture for the roots by a *deep, mellow* soil, and by *mulching*. The latter has been found of great importance, and has greatly increased the crop. The tender sorts will ripen wood more perfectly, and endure cold with less injury, if planted on drier and firmer spots of ground.

*Pruning*.—This consists simply in cutting away, early in the spring, all the last year's bearing canes, now two years old, and leaving only the one year's shoots, which will bear the coming summer. Half a dozen of the strongest in each bunch will be enough, and the rest may be cut away at the surface by the use of a sharp trowel. The tops are then cut off three or four feet from the ground.

*Training*.—The most common and simple mode is to tie the canes together, loosely, so that they may spread at the top in the form of a wine-glass, and employing a stake to stiffen them. An improvement on the same principle, is made by stretching a wire along the row, spreading out the canes in contact with the wire, and securing them by cord loops.

A decided improvement, with the same principle, is where *two* poles or wires are placed one each side of the row of plants, the bearing and the growing shoots being separated from each other, and tied to opposite sides. A tarred rope is better than wire, by enabling the operator to secure the shoots more firmly without danger of subsequent sliding.

Tender varieties may be protected by prostrating them and covering thinly with earth. Even when not so tender as to be killed, this protection assists their productiveness. A small earth mound should be placed against each stem to bend upon and prevent breaking.

For extensive marketing, plantations of raspberries prove quite profitable on the best soils, producing about five hundred dollars per acre in each year, when accessible to good city markets.

The best varieties of the raspberry are the *Red Antwerp*, a large, dark red, rich and juicy berry, admirably fitted for marketing; the *Fastolff*, resembling the Red Antwerp, but richer and softer in texture; the *Franconia*, quite similar, but later, of firm flesh, and is rather hardier than either of the others; *Knevett's Giant*, very large, and of fine quality; *Yellow Antwerp*, large, conical, excellent, but tender, and a moderate bearer; *Col. Wilder*, resembling the latter, but with smaller berries, and much hardier stems; *Large Fruited Monthly*, large, red, bears late and valuable; and *Brinckle's Orange*, regarded by many as the best of all raspberries, vigorous, hardy, productive, handsome and excellent.

## THE DIMENSIONS OF STABLES.

from the "London Field."

A correspondent having made some inquiry respecting the dimensions of stables, and it being an object in which the interest of the public is materially involved, I conceive it to be one that will be acceptable as an article in the columns of the "Field."

"Necessity," they say, "makes a man acquainted with strange bedfellows." Truly, the necessity, convenience, avarice, or carelessness of man often makes the horse acquainted with strange—that is, queer stables; most of them on the general surface of the earth, but others beneath it, whilst the first floor is frequently the habitation of the better class of the horse. Where a man may keep a horse for convenience is one thing; but as C. W. states he has built one stable, and intends building another, there can be no doubt but that he wishes to erect a good one, comprehending all that is necessary to his horse's convenience, comfort, and well-doing. The expense he means to go to in the shape of material, inside or out, has nothing to do with either—such depends on his taste or pocket.

C. W.'s question chiefly relates to the height of stables. A low one *must*, under any circumstances, be a bad—that is, an unhealthy one; while, on the other hand, a too lofty one is difficult to keep sufficiently warm for the horse's comfort. I should say that from thirteen to fourteen feet (at most) is about a correct height for a stable. Much has been written and said on the subject of ventilation; yet are persons apt to make mistakes as to the means of insuring it. We all know that exhalations rise upwards, whether arising from the insensible perspiration exuded from the body of the horse, or from that far more noxious source, foul litter. I will not suppose that in a well-conducted stable such a system as "mucking out" at stated intervals is permitted to exist; but supposing all saturated straw is properly removed every morning, there will be more or less exhalation; this, rising as high as the ceiling will permit, floats about till it settles on that and the surrounding walls; hence the damp often found in ill-ventilated stables. But let it be noticed that this, perhaps, imperceptible exhalation is ever going on; so, though it is constantly ascending, in its progress the horse inhales it, and, the previous exhalations having no means of escape, a portion is kept down by that overhead; thus an impure air pervades the whole stable.

If it is admitted, which I trust it will be, that exhalations rise, it must be quite evident the higher we place the means of its escape the more effectually we get rid of it. We frequently see ventilators (as they are called, and designed to be) placed half-way up in the walls, or, at least, eight or nine feet from the ground. They are all but useless for the intended purpose, while they, on the other hand, answer a very bad one, namely, admitting the cold air (if it is cold) in far closer proximity to the horse's body than he would find comfortable.

Windows to a stable should always, in my opinion, be very close to the ceiling; ventilators the same; the great use of the latter being that they can admit a current of air when wanted, so close to the ceiling, that they purify the air, while the horse breathes without rendering the general temperature of the stable cold and chilling. I hold that all horses should stand in the stable what may be called north and south; it matters not which extremity of the animal stands to the north. My reason for preferring such a position for a stable is this: in summer the ventilators can be opened, and will admit a refreshing cool air into the stable; and in winter, or in cold weather, if they or the windows are opened—it is a genial breeze we want.

It will be found one of the greatest comforts possible to horses if, for summer, a second window (we will call it) is made to fit the aperture in the wall. This need simply be a frame, on which such canvass should be stretched as we usually see used for meat-safes; the same for the apertures of the ventilators. Those for the windows may be removed in winter, to save them from the weather; those used for the ventilators may remain all the year round. I have had an extra door made of the same materials, which afforded opportunity in summer to leave the usual stable door open when wished. All these are very cheap contrivances, and add wonderfully to the comfort—I may say well-doing—of horses, who can scarce get rest when their tormentors, the flies, intrude themselves.

I perceive that C. W. very judiciously intends having two stables, instead of putting all his horses together. It must strike every one that horses for different purposes are used at different hours, and thus, when many stand together, they are all kept on the *qui vive*; for instance, a hunter should have what hay we wish him to eat given him at three or four o'clock the day before hunting. Now, as this quantum may not be quite as much as he would eat, it is unfair he should see other horses racked up at eight o'clock. The same by water—not that I was ever one for stinting a horse of water to the extent some persons carry it. It was all very well to give a hunter little or no water on hunting mornings, when hounds meet at break of day; but that system is quite uncalled for when they meet at eleven. Still the treatment of horses destined to different occupations, must be somewhat different, and thus horses should each stand with their own class.

Having said this much of ventilation and the classing of horses, I will now venture my ideas of the size stables ought to be as regards look, convenience and safety. They should be, if the racks and mangers run the length of the stable in front of the horses, eighteen feet from wall to wall; if there are corner racks and mangers, seventeen feet are sufficient.

The width of a stable should be like that of a dining-room, just the same whether intended to accommodate eight persons at dinner or eighteen. The length of the stable depends, as a matter of course, on the number of stalls; I should say that for a six-stall stable thirty-six feet from wall to wall, would be about a desirable size; this will be found to leave each horse about five feet ten for his stall. If persons fancy a wider stall looks more imposing, or if, in their opinion, a wider one is any comfort to the horse, by all means let them make their stalls so; but, personally, though I should recommend a roomy stall—which five feet ten is—I would rather not have them wider; it encourages horses to stand, as it were, cornerways, and further admits of their getting the trick of stretching themselves out when they lie down, by doing which they frequently get cast. A person not very conversant with horses might good-naturedly remark: "It is cruel to deprive a horse of the means of resting himself in a comfortable position." My reply would be: It is *not* a comfortable position, and is only resorted to for a very short time by horses in extreme pain, or under extreme fatigue. The position is in itself a painful one, and is only used in the cases I speak of when, in common parlance, a horse "don't know how to lie" to ease himself. Under either of the circumstances alluded to, he is entitled to a comfortable box; but for horses in health, and in common work, it is merely a trick they learn which very wide stalls encourage. A horse can lie down and rest perfectly comfortable in a very short space—for this four feet would suffice; therefore, allowing him five feet ten, I think will be admitted, is all that can be wanted both for appearance and convenience.

## COMPOSTS FOR INDIAN CORN.

The whole mystery of growing a good crop of corn may be summed up in these words:—*manure liberally—plough deep—pulverize the soil thoroughly—cultivate cleanly*.

We would recommend that every corn-planter who may have the means convenient, no matter how well he may have manured his corn-field previously to ploughing in his manure, to manure his crop in the hill also. Such topical applications assist the germination of the seed corn, and push the plants forward in the early stage of their growth—two very important considerations. It is not material whether these applications be made *in* the hill at the time of planting the corn, or *on* the hill after the corn is dropped and covered. In either mode they will do good: we, however, prefer the first plan.

*Hill Composts*.—No. 1.—For an acre in corn—10 bushels of well rotted dung, intimately mixed with 5 bushels of ashes, 1 bushel of plaster, and 2 loads, say, 60 bushels of well rotted manure—give to each hill a small handful of the mixture.

No. 2.—Two loads of woods mould, 100 lbs. of Peruvian Guano, 5 bushels of ashes, 1 bushel of plaster and 1 bushel of salt, to be well mixed together—give to each hill a small handful of the mixture.

No. 3.—Two loads of river mud, ditch scrapings, or road scrapings, 100 lbs. of guano, 5 bushels of ashes, and 1 bushel of plaster, to be well mixed together—give to each hill a small handful.—*American Farmer*.

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Sharpening Edge Tools.—We translate the following from a German Scientific Journal, for the benefit of our mechanics and agricultural laborers: "It has long been known that the simplest method of sharpening a razor, is to put it for half an hour in water, to which has been added one-twentieth of its weight of muriatic or sulphuric acid, then lightly wipe it off, and after a few hours set it on a hone. The acid here supplies the place of a whetstone, by corroding the whole surface uniformly, so that nothing further than a smooth polish is necessary. The process never injures good blades, while badly hardened ones are frequently improved by it, although the cause of such improvement remains unexplained. Of late, this process has been applied to many other cutting implements. The workman at the beginning of his noon spell, or when he leaves off in the evening, moistens the blades of his tools with water acidified as above, the cost of which is almost nothing. This saves the consumption of time and labor in whetting, which moreover speedily wears on the blades. The mode of sharpening here indicated, would be found specially advantageous for sickles and scythes."—*Mark Lane Express*.

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Snow Put Over the Roots or Trees a Retarder or their Blossoms.—I was lately informed of a method which a tradesman in Stirling put in practice for many years in the cultivation of his Jargonelle pear tree. When snow fell in winter, he collected a considerable quantity of it, and put it over the roots of the tree and around the stem. The plan did not injure the tree, for it bore fruit abundantly. The tree was a standard. The individual who nourished his tree with snow is dead many years ago, and the tree has been cut down in order that improvements might not be hindered, but the doings of those who have been in the world before us should not altogether be forgotten.—*Cor. London Gardener's Chronicle*.

# The Riddler.

### PHILOSOPHICAL ENIGMA.

written for the saturday evening post.

I am composed of 36 letters.

My 3, 23, 9, 10, is a phenomenon caused by the intermixture of masses of moisture.

My 16, 20, 4, 9, 10, 4, are those substances which are insoluble except in alcohol, ether or alkalies.

My 6, 23, 32, 29, 15, 4, 8, is a mineral found in foliated crystals of a greenish white color.

My 2, 22, 33, 19, 28, 30, 13, 14, is a gas, so called from its property of forming a substance like oil, when added to chlorine.

My 1, 27, 25, 34, 26, 10, 12, 4, 5, is generally used for obtaining oxygen gas on a large scale.

My 37, 23, 33, 30, 3, 13, 19, 38, 8, 16, 28, 23, was an antediluvian animal, which, says Cuvier, must have resembled the tapirs of the present day.

My 24, 36, 3, 10, 21, 6, is one of the families of minerals.

My 11, 15, 32, 29, 36, 10, 17, is a phenomenon which is attributed by Werner and his disciples to the spontaneous combustion of beds of coal.

My 20, 23, 35, 1, 36, 27, 30, 23, 25, is a warm, dry, east wind, which is perceived on the Guinea coast.

My 7, 23, 25, 23, 17, 19, 2, 1, 21, is a mineral, whose crystallization consists of silica, alumina, barytes, and water.

My whole is a distinguished American.

GARNEW.

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### "POETICAL" ENIGMA.

written for the saturday evening post.

I am composed of 42 letters.

My 34, 30, 37, 18, 25, 39, 26, 37, is a celebrated English poet.

My 35, 36, 31, 21, 8, 18, is the name of a celebrated English poet.

My 20, 29, 32, 4, 7, is a poem by Rogers.

My 10, 11, 3, 29, 24, 33, 18, is a poem by Cowper.

My 35, 8, 26, 40, 16, is the name of a celebrated Irish poet.

My 38, 29, 4, 9, 35, 26, 18, is the name of a king by whom many verses of true poetry have been written.

My 1, 2, 12, 33, 29, 27, 5, is a poem by Cowper.

My 21, 14, 25, 23, 22, 28, is a Shakspearean play.

My 31, 5, 4, 42, 17, 40, 11, 6, 20, 15, is a poem by a noted Irish poet.

My 10, 10, 25, 6, 12, 37, is an English poet.

My 29, 30, 35, 14, 18, 33, is an English poetess.

My 2, 8, 26, 19, is an English poet.

My 5, 6, 10, 36, 28, 29, 18, is an English poet.

My 38, 13, 4, 34, 24, 6, is a poem by a renowned Grecian poet.

My 11, 26, 25, 12, 40, is a Grecian poet.

My 11, 40, 39, 30, 28, 6, is a Grecian poet.

My 22, 2, 36, 13, 4, 41, 40, is a German poet.

My 39, 11, 22, 13, 21, 10, 7, is an English poet.

My 30, 21, 22, 40, 15, 7, 35, 41, 8, 9, 1, 2, 3, 14, 37, 26, 42, 18, 24, 33, 24, 40, 26, 37, 12, 40, with the letter "c" placed between my 37 and 36 will form the name of a poem by Coleridge.

My whole are two poems which were written by a celebrated Scotch poet. NED T. B.

New York.

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### MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

written for the saturday evening post.

I am composed of 44 letters.

My 26, 24, 20, 4, 35, 28, is a very large city.

My 8, 25, 18, 30, 10, 41, is a character in "Vivia."

My 22, 6, 1, 36, 29, 22, was a celebrated philosopher.

My 34, 2, 7, 22, 32, is a useful animal.

My 44, 23, 3, 27, 12, 14, is a shameful crime.

My 42, 25, 44, 19, 5, is a distinguished French novelist.

My 13, 44, 23, 12, 18, 33, 28, is the name of a college in Massachusetts.

My 11, 20, 43, 23, 35, is an instrument of punishment.

My 5, 11, 16, 29, 21, is much used in warfare.

My 20, 32, 3, 2, was a Roman General.

My 9, 13, 41, 8, is a body of water.

My 15, 10, 26, 29, 28, was one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece.

My 31, 27, 14, 24, 28, 8, 30, is an English title.

My 44, 40, 25, 27, is a woman's name.

My whole is an ancient proverb.

Warren, Vt. HARP.

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### CHARADE.

written for the saturday evening post.

When night has spread her mantle dark
Around the sons of earth,
The thief eludes the watchman's sight,
And often does my *first*.

When dark and threatening clouds arise
And float along the sky,
The traveller seeks my *second* than,
For he knows a storm is nigh.

When wintry blasts are sweeping by,
Chilling alike the young and old;
The ladies then my *third* do use
To protect them from the cold.

In days gone by you'll find my *whole*
Did many a wicked deed;
A noted outlaw and a robber,
Tales of whom we often read.

Warren, Vt HARP.

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### CHARADE.

written for the saturday evening post.

The farmer cultivates the soil,
And labors in the sun;
But if it were not for my first,
His work could not be done.

My second, if you guess aright,
A verb you'll find to be;
My whole's a portion of my first,
This you can surely see.

Pequea, Pennsylvania. ALPHA.

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### TRANSPOSITION.

written for the saturday evening post.

I am composed of 6 letters.

Omit my 1, 2 and 3, and I'm a pleasant beverage.

Omit my 1, 2, place my 3 for my 2, and my 6 for my 3, and I'll be an article of daily consumption.

Omit my 5 and 6, transpose my 2 and 4, and I'll be that for which great men strive.

Omit my 1, 2, 5 and 6, and I'll be a title given to a mother.

Omit my 3 and 4, transpose my 2 and 5, and I'll be a very sprightly but troublesome insect.

My whole signifies a feminine.

G. W. TIMMONS.

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### ASTRONOMICAL PROBLEM.

written for the saturday evening post.

Suppose the earth's diameter to be 8,000 miles, and the moon's diameter to be 2,000 miles, and the distance between their centres 240,000 miles. How far from the surface of the earth, in the direction of the moon, must a person be to see 1-10 of the moon's surface?

Venango Co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

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### CONUNDRUMS.

written for the saturday evening post.

☞ Why is a young lady before marriage never right? Ans.—Because she is all the time a-miss.

☞ Why is the Ex-Postmaster General a very "humpbacked old gentleman?" Ans.—Because he's a camel (Campbell.)

☞ What Congressman could the Speaker of the House call back on his leaving the Hall by calling his name? Ans.—Mr Cumback

☞ Why are the Indians of our country represented in Congress? Ans.—Because one of its members is a "Savage."

☞ What tree is it which, though it often bears, never blooms? Ans.—Axle-tree. T. E. WOODS.

Charleston, Ill.

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### ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA—The Saturday Evening Post

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—
What to give and what to keep,
Require an understanding deep.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Atlantic Submarine Telegraph. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—A sizable sixpence is better than a slow shilling. CHARADE—Rock-salt. CHARADE—Co-ward (Coward.) TRANSPOSITION—Wealth. (The law, halt, weal, we, and hat.) PROBLEM—40 bushels of each.

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☞ In Solomon's time the value of a chario from Egypt was about $250, and of a horse $72